



S A M A R A

JUNE, 1955



“SUCCESS IS NAUGHT; ENDEAVOUR'S ALL”

—Browning



ELMWOOD FROM THE GROUNDS



DAUGHTERS OF ELMWOOD OLD GIRLS

May 3, 1955

Dear Elmwoodians:

My heart is full as I think back on all that has happened at Elmwood this year. At Easter I had to make a big decision: to carry on as Acting-Principal of Elmwood until June 1956. On account of poor health, Mrs. Graham, who, for the past five years has been your beloved Principal, has requested an extended leave of absence. Madame Krupka and I have decided to try to fill her place until she is able to return to us. Our decision was made easier for us because of you: for you had shown to us such loyalty and co-operation during the winter months when Mrs. Graham was in England, that we knew the future would be full of promise.

Three years ago, at a time when Miss Dixon, the Vice-Principal, was unable to be with you because of her Mother's serious illness, I came to Elmwood, presumably for seven days. I wanted to fill my leisure moments with something constructive and worth-while. Today, I am still very much with you, my leisure moments a thing of the past.

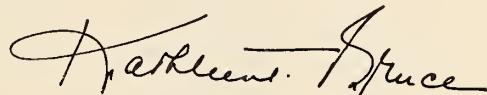
These last three years have been very happy ones. Those of you whom I have had in my History and Current Events classes I have come to know very intimately. We have all given a bit of ourselves to classroom discussions, which I feel you have enjoyed as much as I. If we sometimes were carried away with enthusiasm over argumentative topics, we nevertheless have come, in a measure, to estimate and value the worth of things past and present. I feel that this is no small achievement and I hope sincerely that the ability to evaluate the good in life and to see God's hand in the shaping of nations will always direct your thoughts in the right path.

Some of you I have known only in my capacity as Vice-Principal when discipline problems have sent you to the office. If I have helped you to be strictly truthful and to accept constructive criticism, again I have achieved my purpose. It is strange how those who cause the most trouble are often the ones who are the most loveable. To see you overcome your weaknesses and to determine to make amends has been most inspiring.

Whether we realize it or not, each one of us has an influence on the lives of those with whom we come in contact. We may only be "ships that pass in the night" but if our light, in passing, sheds merely one beam of happiness, we shall not have lived in vain. There is a beautiful example of humanism in "Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions" written by John Donne some three hundred years ago. "No man is an island, entire of itself. Every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main. If a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less. So any man's death diminishes me because I am involved in mankind. And, therefore, never send to know for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for thee."

May I leave you with this thought. In the final analysis it matters not what one knows nor what one does but what one is.

Affectionately yours,



Editorial

It's hard to believe, but another successful year at Elmwood has drawn to its close. Looking back over the months we see how our Houses with the aid of their hard-working house-heads have done their best to live up to the ideals of "Service, Fellowship, and Fairplay" which are House Mottoes. Work, fun and excitement have all been a part of this year which we will often recall in the years to come. As well as the usual enjoyable activities we have been able to take part, for the first time, in an Opera, in a Debating Club, and in the printing of a school newspaper.

We feel fortunate to have with us from England Miss Buckmaster, as our capable and understanding House Mistress. This year we also welcomed Miss Boyle, Mrs. Chater, Miss Schurman, Mme. Bedard, Mrs. Cameron and Mr. Heney. We hope that they have enjoyed being with us. We thank Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Bruce, and all the teachers for making many things possible for us, and in so doing making this year such a happy one.

We should like to thank the members of the Magazine Committee for their hard work and their enthusiastic co-operation, and Miss MacCallum who gave us a great deal of her time and energy as staff adviser. We should also like to thank our innumerable friends who generously gave their support to this magazine through their advertisements and Miss Colquhoun whose help as a canvasser was greatly appreciated.

Here at Elmwood, besides receiving a good education, we are given the opportunity to learn self-control, independence, reliability, kindness, and tolerance. We should, therefore, take advantage of all that is made available to us, because what we learn here will become our instruments of the future. Each member of this year's graduating class will have her duty to fulfill which will be made possible if we live up to the ideals expressed in our school and house mottoes, and in the school prayer:

"Teach us, good Lord, to serve Thee as Thou deservest,
 To give, and not to count the cost,
 To fight, and not to heed the wounds,
 To toil and not to seek for rest,
 To labour and not to ask for any reward,
 Save that of knowing that we do Thy will."

It is with regret that I announce the passing of Miss K. A. Neal on December 18th, 1954. She was at Elmwood for eighteen years and all who knew her will remember her patience and understanding. How often we recall her voice saying, "Who owns these shoes?" as she would emerge from the pound cupboard or, "How many permits do you need?". There were times while waiting she would give us oral Arithmetic and then point at one of us and say, "Answer", invariably calling the wrong name.

Miss Neal spent the war years in England and returned to us for a short time, but went back to make her home with a nephew in Surrey. We all miss her, and to her family, we extend our sincere sympathy.

Head Girl, Prefects and House Seniors

Sally Wright:

*"A daughter of the gods,
Divinely tall and most divinely fair".*

Sally came back from a wonderful summer last year to find herself Head Girl. She has proved very capable in this office and terrific fun in spite of it. She is kept busy by (a) the combination of Six Matric and Six Upper subjects, (b) by Joan Maynard, who sits next to her, (c) by all and sundry activities, that is, all school activities at Elmwood and sundry military ones elsewhere, (d) by R.M.C. (Rabian Maycourt Cabaret), by the T.M.C. (tunic measuring committee) by the C.G. (cat George) and the D.M. (dog McCarter), and (e) by ushering the grumpy Prefects into prayers to help her curb morning talkativeness among the students.

Sports are the activities in which Sal excels; she is one of the school tennis champs and a mainstay of the basketball team. In the winter Sally is to be found up at Camp Fortune most week-ends improving her skiing.

As Sally leaves, I see Prefects pause for a moment from pulling out grey hairs to join her in a prayer for the future well-being of our favourite class. Good-bye, Sal, and good luck in nursing.



Joan Campbell:

"O thou who hast the fatal gift of duty".

Each morning at 8.50 a tunic-clad figure bursts into the classroom, drops her books on a desk, and departs with great speed. Joan is off to find the bell and ring it. She has been chosen for this task because of her reliability, and she has proved just as efficient as an electric system.

Joanie shines as efficient Co-Head of Keller and as a Prefect carrying on the tradition begun by her mother not too long ago. Speaking of shining, Joan's Latin and French are worthy of note. Joan is an excellent guard on the basketball team and plays baseball for Keller, but her favourite sport at the moment is driving around Ottawa in her new car and whipping over to Madame's each Saturday morning for a French lesson.

Joan is going to Carleton for one year and then on to Queen's to take a course in Social Service Work. The people whom she looks after will be extremely fortunate and we shall miss her even-tempered disposition and cheerfulness. Good luck, Joan.



Joan Fagan:

"The play's the thing".

The theatre is about to acquire one of its brightest stars because of the fact that Joan is leaving Elmwood. A Prefect and a girl who won and deserved the Philpot Token, Joan is one of the two survivors of the "old guard" composed of Sarita Setton, Wendy Gilchrist, Shirley Thomas, and Sheila McCormick, who came to Elmwood nine years ago.

Joan has several records that she lives up to faithfully every year; for example, winning a prize at the Hallowe'en party, being the star of the Ashbury-Elmwood play, and taking as many subjects as possible. As a result, this year finds her running up to friends and saying with mixed feelings, "Just think, this is the very last time we'll ever be doing this."

Joan drives to school every morning in her car and uses it for sundry escapades at night—going swimming, invading gang domiciles and playing April Fool's tricks, not to mention indulging in interrupted feasts on the rocks and woodsy activities in the East.

Next year will find Joan "On the Steps of Carleton". We all wish her the best luck and good times at College and a meteoric rise in the acting world.



**Joan Maynard:**

"Full of fun and fancy free".

Joan is a Prefect, school Games Captain, and a stout pillar of Nightingale House. She has been with us for five years—five very character-forming years—she now loves sports of any type, especially skipping (what?) in class and R.M.C.-ing.

Joan was a deb this year, so we all learned how to waltz, what to waltz to, how to curtsey deeply, and what to curtsey to. Indeed, her social schedule has been so heavy that at time of writing we have fourteen pounds less of Joan with which to contend.

She captained the school basketball team, won the senior badminton singles, is on the tennis team, is an enthusiastic skier, skates like a professional wrestler, and manages to include studies in her busy program.

Next year Joan is going into Physical Education at some college yet unknown, but her teacup says that something (or someone) also unknown will change her mind within a year—wonder, or maybe we don't!

**Sheila McCormick:**

"Did He who made the lamb make thee?"

Elmwood will not be the same next year without Sheila—a Prefect, joint head of Keller, and Head Boarder. Artist, ballerina, actress, brain child, and an efficient organizer . . . that is Sheila.

Like Joan Fagan, Sheila after nine years at Elmwood has established several goals which she reaches each year—high jumping, badminton doubles, a prize at the Hallowe'en party, and public speaking.

Sheila nostalgic looks back on a completely individual career at Elmwood, a career not wholly constructive which obtained for her more than her quota of gatings and detentions. She leaves Elmwood with not only a wide vocabulary to her credit but also a repertoire of expressions typically Sheila. We shall certainly miss her.

Next year, Sheila is going to McGill, so we wish her the best of success there and wherever she may go in the more distant future.

**Constance Darricades:**

*"A youth, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world".*

Our Chilean seniorita with the fantastic nickname (Ton-Ton) has in a mere year and a half risen to the rank of House Senior. This year has been a busy one for Ton-Ton, as she was a principal in the senior play, took an active part in producing the school newspaper, and is also editor of this year's "Samara".

Although her extra-curricular activities are many and varied, Ton-Ton's favourite pastimes are taking fast trips to Port Hope, reading Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and counting the days until she goes "South America Way".

Fortunately Ton-Ton will be back at Elmwood next year to grow more violets in her ink well!

**Mary Fisher-Rowe:**

"La Vie en Rose".

Mary came to Elmwood three years ago, carrying on the tradition of her family. She is now a House Senior of Keller, second in command in the boarding school, and generally a girl who is game for anything—except Math. and the dissecting of rats.

Coming to Elmwood from England, Mary gave us the impression of a typical English girl—reserved and nice, with a ready laugh, a quick mind, and an incriminating blush. As well as other duties, Mary does an admirable job in keeping track of the lunch register. In her school work she is carrying a heavy course in Senior Matriculation subjects.

Mary's plans for next year are continental. She hopes to go to Italy to study languages and then on to The London School of Economics. Although she has an interesting career ahead of her, our personal predictions are that it will be lost to marriage. Pleasant journeyings.

Olga Kingsmill:

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance".

Olga, complete with infectious giggle, came to Elmwood five years ago from Rockcliffe Public School. This year she was one of the season's deb's and has not quite recovered from the socal whirl, which began by her being presented to the Governor-General and will end somewhere in the Royal Vic. Olga's romantic attachments are many and varied!

Olga is one of Elmwood's Fry House Seniors, in which office she exhibits her efficiency. This year she has combined Six Matri and Six Upper work successfully with the accent on her favourite subject (?) Geometry. Olga has the reputation of being a hard and a willing worker.

Next year, Olga will be going into nursing, in spite of her pronounced aversion for our latest Biology probc, the creature in question being a rat. As we bid farewell to our future nurse, we send her to her new career with our best wishes.



Nancy Perry:

"You're only young once; after that you have to think of some other excuse".

Nancy, our fifth columnist at Ashbury, is one of the perennially young types. She is a House Senior in Fry, wears an improvement medal, and is taking her Senior Matri.

Five years ago Nancy was a leading member of a terrific group known as "the gang". Her activities with this group are varied, ranging from T.V. parties and toboggan rides to parties which she takes largely for Granted.

Nancy is an animal lover, having a bird, an "Inky-poo" (cat), and two dogs as well as numerous fish. She wages a continual war with all who wish to shoot animals. Her pet aversion is hearing the resounding whack of a cricket bat at seven a.m. although she is a sports enthusiast herself, being pitcher for the baseball team and sprint champion on Sports Day.

Life without Nancy will be dull . . . lacking her jokes, photos, and certain up-to-the-minute reports! This summer Nancy is going to help her father with his new camp, Kawabi, and will go on to Carleton in the fall. Good luck.



Lambie Stevens:

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace".

Lambie is an expert on extraneous information, Greek derivations and the Plaza Hotel, not to mention Turkey raising.

She is head of the winning house, Fry, an enthusiastic House Senior, and one of the most conscientious members of 6 Upper. Her days are fully occupied with disciplining erring Fryites, doing justice to her Senior Matric subjects, writing College Board exams, reading Freud, and being a good friend to everyone in the class.

Next year, Lambie intends to go to college in the States to study Social Service Work. We shall miss her Greek baclava (a delicious type of pastry), intriguing jewellery, lovely clothes, and (much as we hate to compliment people) her beautiful face. Good luck, Lambie, as you follow the steps of that first Social Worker, Elizabeth Fry.



Frances Wood:

"Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam . . .!"

Fran, or occasionally Woody, became House Senior and Head of Nightingale in one big jump from the ranks of her form. She is a good sport in more ways than one and always has a good story on hand, be it tall or otherwise! She was editor of the school newspaper this year and acted in the Ashbury-Elmwood play as well as in Elmwood's senior play "Sunday Costs Five Pesos".

Frances wears a posture girdle, likes panda bears (especially the one called Henri), drives a swish green Dodge, and manages to enjoy quantities of Chinese food. Next year, if the call of the wild west doesn't sound too loud, Fran will be back at Elmwood! We hope to see her in September.





FRY HOUSE



KELLER HOUSE



NIGHTINGALE HOUSE

Fry House Notes

THIS year Fry has been the largest ever, filled mostly with new intermediates. At Christmas we lost Penny Staebler and gained Elizabeth MacKenzie, Helena von Numers, Wendy Carter and Pam Cawdron. Lauretta Landymore returned to us from England after a year's absence.

Staff advisers were Miss Davison, Miss Maxwell, Miss Perry and Mrs. Stephen. Mrs. Bruce was our chief adviser until Easter when the promotion to her present position prevented her from remaining in Fry. We should like to thank the staff for lending their advice to our domestic problems.

We are extremely proud to have placed first this year in both the House Collections and the House Plays. This was due to the wonderful house spirit of all the girls. The captivating performance by the cast in "Campbell of Kilmohr" deserves particular recognition. Gillian Neville, Emilie van der Vaart and Gail La Charity won special awards for outstanding acting ability. We should like to thank the girls who gave their time and talent to the making of the scenery for this Scottish tragedy.

This year the junior school was divided into Pre-Houses and these girls contributed toward the House Collections. In January a House Party was given by the house for their benefit—this consisted of movies, tea, and games in the gym.

Gillian Neville has been our keen sports captain. Although we did not excell in sports during the first two terms, we are hoping to do much better on Sports Day.

I should like at this time to express my thanks to the members of Fry for their whole-hearted co-operation which made this year such a success.

House Members

House Senior, Head of House: Lambie Steven. Head Girl: Sally Wright. House Seniors: Olga Kingsmill, Nancy Perry. Monitors: Susan Brain, Beverley Brown, Mickey Manion. Sports Captain: Gillian Neville.

House

Elizabeth Bogue, Frances Cabeldu, Eliane Calkoen, Wendy Carter, Pam Cawdron, Gail La Charity, Betsy-Jane Davis, Paula Duncan, Pat Elvidge, Audrey Fell, Carol Frayne, Joanna Garland, Susan Garland, Jean Garvock, Sandra Graham, Beth Hay, Margo Hay, Lauretta Landymore, Elizabeth MacKenzie, Barbara Molot, Gillian Neville, Eleanor Patrick, Heather Petrie, Susan Petrie, Margot Pullen, Diana Radcliff, Emilie van der Vaart, Helena von Numers, Dorothy Wheeler.

Pre-Fry

Rita Browning, Sandra Burke-Robertson, Teresa Chicheri, Morna MacOdrum, Jane MacTavish, Sheila MacTavish, Laragh Neelin, Sarah Price, Virginia Price, Elizabeth Raymont, Marilyn Ross, Angelica Ruiz, Ann Rowley, Cynthia Stewart, Merida Woodburn, Antonia Wright.

Fry Teams

Senior Basketball:

Forwards: Gillian Neville, Nancy Perry, Sally Wright, Audrey Fell, Betsy-Jane Davis.

Guards: Lambie Steven, Elizabeth Bogue, Eliane Calkoen.

Junior Basketball:

Forwards: Beth Hay, Margo Hay, Frances Cabeldu, Susan Garland, Sandra Graham, Pat Elvidge.

Guards: Eleanor Patrick, Gail La Charity, Susan Petrie, Margot Pullen, Diana Radcliff,

Keller House Notes

KELLER received a great many new girls in the fall and a number throughout the year. This year we returned to our old custom of having staff members in houses.

We have initiated a new thing at Elmwood by having Pre-Houses. Keller had a wonderful junior partner in Pre-Keller, which consisted of a number of the younger girls. On January 28 Keller gave a party for Pre-Keller. This was an opportunity for everyone to get to know each other better.

Our entry in the annual inter-house drama competition was a comedy called "The Man with a Bowler Hat". We tied for second place with Nightingale, and Joan Fagan received an award for outstanding acting. Unfortunately we only came third in the House Collections which were given to the Canadian Save the Children Fund.

Keller tied with Fry for first place in soccer and we came first in the junior badminton tournament. We placed second in junior and senior basketball and senior badminton.

We would like to thank both Keller and Pre-Keller for working hard and upholding our motto "Fair Play" during the year.

Heads of House: Prefects: Sheila McCormick, Joan Campbell.

Prefect: Joan Fagan.

House Senior: Mary Fisher-Rowe.

Monitors: Joan Horovitz, Sally Simpson, Jane Yates.

Sports Captain: Lynn Castonguay.

Staff: Mrs. Chater, Mme. Krupka, Miss MacCallum, Mr. MacTavish, Mrs. Meiklejohn.

Pre-Keller

Joan Berry, Susanne Book, Gill Castonguay, Sandra Comstock, Catherine Falstrup, Johanne Forbes, June Fraser, Susan Fraser, Anne Gilbert, Deborah Gill, Helen Heighington, Heather Hyndman, Alex Malamaki, Judith Reid, Roxy Ritchie.

House Members

Lilias Ahearn, Audrey Ashbourne, Camille Beaudry, Nicky Beaudry, Susan Belcourt, Wendy Blackburn, Carolyn Bruce, Susan Campbell, Sandra Drew, Frances Drury, Mary Findlay, Rosemary Findlay, Donalee Forbes, Eleanor Garson, Louise Hayley, Brenda Hill, Efi Malamaki, Jane Murphy, Deirdre Richardson, Andrea Rowley, Kit Sampson.

Senior Basketball Team

Forwards: Sheila McCormick, Joan Yates, Joan Horovitz.

Guards: Sally Simpson, Andrea Rowley, Joan Campbell, Carolyn Bruce.

Junior Basketball Team

Forwards: Lynn Castonguay, Rosemary Findlay, Brenda Hill, Sue Belcourt.

Guards: Susan Campbell, Mary Gratias, Lilias Ahearn.

Nightingale House Notes

THE enrolment of Nightingale House in September exceeded that of any other year, and we had the pleasure of welcoming several new teachers as well as many new girls to our ranks. During the year Nightingale excelled itself in excellent house and team spirit.

Our play "The Dear Departed", and our

house collections both took a second, as we were not quite good enough to beat Fry although the girls tried hard. Nightingale showed a flair for sports during all three terms and with Sue Hislop as our able sports captain, we won both Junior and Senior Basketball, also the volleyball. Joan Maynard once again topped the senior badminton.

House Members

Staff: Mrs. Davis, Miss Colquhoun, Madame Bedard, Mrs. Kilpatrick, Mrs. McAuley, Miss Boyle, Miss Schurman.

House

Rona Brodie, Judy Dowd, Susan Hamilton, Bonnie Jeckell, Denise Karr, Janet Macintosh, Linda Nueman, Sally Sadler, Ingrid Shaffer, Molly Sutcliffe, Sandra Sukerman, Callie Grant, Lee Gobeil, Shirley-Anne Gobeil, Vicky Brain, Margo Freiman, Sue Clarke, Elizabeth Richardson, Sally Trueman, Gail Dochstader, Wendy Dochstader, Linda Redpath, Bonnie Wood, Sarah Jennings, Elizabeth Groos.

Pre-House

Heather Hayley, Lesley Kennedy, Darragh Richardson, Susie Southam, Wendy Cromar, Georgie Gale, Marjorie Feller, Margot Toller,

Brenda Saunders, Lindsay Dickson, Caroline Nicholson, Margo Grant, Judy Kennedy, Jane Massey, Linda Sprigings, Lynn Williamson. Head of House: House Senior: Frances Wood. School Sports Captain: Prefect: Joan Maynard.

House Senior: Ton-Ton Darricades.

Monitors: Esther Prudham, Sue Hislop, Barbara Kennedy.

Senior Basketball Team

Forwards: Callie Grant, Molly Sutcliffe, Frances Wood, Esther Prudham.

Guards: Sue Hislop, Joan Maynard, Barbara Kennedy, Margo Freiman.

Junior Basketball Team

Forwards: Sally Sadler, Lee Gobeil, Linda Nueman.

Guards: Bonnie Wood, Linda Redpath, Wendy Dochstader.

*School Notes***The Hallowe'en Party**

The annual Hallowe'en Party at Elmwood began with a fanciful procession marching around the Gym in an assortment of colourful, comic, and clever costumes. When this march had ended, 5 A presented a skit called "The Night Before Exams". This was followed by the staff's version of Ed. Sullivan's "Toast of the Town" in which we saw Mrs. Graham as television's host presenting a group of teachers in tunics, ballet costumes, and other unusual attire. The last feature of the entertainment was a farce titled "The Highwayman" by the 6 Matric girls. These presentations were enjoyed by all, and after a second procession, prizes were presented by Mr. Toller for the best costumes. Then refreshments were served.

Arts and Crafts**Intermediate and Junior Group**

One of the most popular places in Elmwood is the Art Room, where the junior and intermediate Forms work enthusiastically at

a variety of projects. Along with our usual arts and crafts this year, Miss Maxwell has introduced the making of lamp shades. We have liked trying our own designs. Leather work has again been popular and we have made such useful items as wallets, belts, and key cases which we have tooled. Other crafts have included stuffed animals in felt, gimp bracelets, embroidered aprons, bridge cloths and nylon woven pot holders. For the first time we have tried tile work, producing trays and coasters painted gaily with oils. Among the younger girls, puppetry, needle-point and tableaux have been very popular.

In art we have done seasonal paintings in water colours. Many girls also enjoyed painting a backdrop for the opera. We have even tried our luck at clay modelling. Altogether, Miss Maxwell has helped us have a very enjoyable year in Art and Crafts.

Special Art Class

Our weekly art classes were continued this year under the patient guidance of Mr. Hyndman. Some of us have been taking Art as

a Matric subject which proved most successful. Not only has it been useful for former Chemistry students who could not distinguish between H_2O and H_2SO_4 , but Mr. Hyndman has been frequently heard to say, "You will not pass your Matric unless you produce a masterpiece today." The result was that we did our utmost to produce a masterpiece. Each week Mr. Hyndman came with some new and different model or technique, the result being a most interesting and beneficial year of Art.

Matriculation Art

As an addition to Mr. Hyndman's art classes, Miss Maxwell has also contributed her time and patience to teaching clay work to those interested in taking Art as a Matriculation subject. In this class we have moulded such objects as figurines, heads, book-ends, ash-trays, and plates, which have really turned out quite well. Decorating our articles with overglaze paint we have also found to be most fascinating.

The Debating Club

The Debating Club was a new hobby of the girls this year. It was run entirely by the girls with teachers present as our guests. President of this club was Barbara Kennedy, to whom its success is due. Ton-Ton Darracades was the able Vice-President while Mickey Manion acted as Public Relations Officer. Our efficient Secretary was Joan Horovitz who was kept busy writing invitations.

The Club's main aim was to learn more about different countries, sciences, people and general knowledge of current events. Consequently, it was decided that to have guest speakers would be the best way to gain familiarity with new topics. Such distinguished people as Mrs. Baig, Mr. van der Vossen, and Mrs. Liu told us about the far-off countries of Pakistan, Holland, and "Nationalist" China. Mrs. Buck gave an interesting summary of Modern History, and Dr. Chater explained the "Evolution of the Egg". We broadened our outlook when we heard discussion of the Psychology of Religion, the Colombo Plan,

and the Navy by Dr. Sidlauskas, Mr. Manion, and Commodore Wright respectively.

After these interesting speakers we had discussions of our own with members of the staff, proving that we had benefited by our venture of organizing a debating club.

Elmwood Newspaper

This year for the first time, Elmwood put out a newspaper called "The Elmwood Echoes", a most suitable title because we found it impossible to put out but two papers, owing to lack of proper equipment for printing.

Under the expert eye of Miss Schurman, the girls on the newspaper staff put a great deal of work into this project and no doubt learned many things about a newspaper.

The newspaper staff this year was as follows:

Editor: Frances Wood

Associate Editor: Sheila McCormick

News Editor: Margo Freiman

Sports Editor and Cartoonist: Gillian Neville

Finance Editor: Susan Brain

Circulation Manager: Susan Belcourt

Assistant: Joan Horovitz

Printer: Carolyn Bruce

Reporters: Franny Drury, Sarah Jennings

Carleton College

The day was cold and windy, but spirits were high as a bus load of about twenty girls from Six Matric and Six Upper set out for Carleton College. It was Elmwood's and Ashbury's turn to visit the college as part of a plan to introduce high school students to college life. Dr. McLeish, the Registrar at Carleton, had come to the school the week before to arrange with the girls the classes they would visit and the things they would see during the day.

Once at the college, each girl attended two one-hour classes, ranging from Calculus to Journalism. The third hour was spent visiting Carleton's new modern library, the Students' Union, and the cafeteria for coffee.

At twelve o'clock the guests were treated to a luncheon attended by the President of

Carleton and members of their Faculty and Students' Council. Speeches were made by Dr. McOdrum, Mrs. Graham and Mr. Perry. Sheila McCormick, on behalf of the girls, thanked everyone who had made the visit possible. It proved to be a most exciting and interesting experience, especially for the girls who plan to attend college.

Dances

"Step ladder, nails, hammer! Help, this ladder wobbles!" These are just a few of the comments that anyone who liked to live dangerously would hear if she were to walk through the Elmwood gym on Friday the eighteenth of February.

It was not a lesson in carpentry, as one might think; in fact its importance would be infinitely greater than any lesson, as it was the preparation for our yearly Formal.

For weeks now the decorating committee, despite strong opposition in the form of basketball games and homework, had been working at silver stars and life-sized cardboard people. Our thanks here go to Elizabeth MacKenzie who, with about two days notice, gave up her free time to make these figures. Her work was much appreciated by all, especially the committee.

Early that Friday morning an enormous wall of paper was seen coming through the stone corridor with four feet and a bit of skirt supporting it. Upon further exploration and analysis we discovered the feet belonged to Sheila McCormick and Susan Belcourt. Susan had been successful in bringing to school Mr. Hyndman's back-drop from the Maycourt Ball. Completely covering one wall we decided that it looked very effective and that it would also make an excellent topic of conversation.

The curtains had been pulled on the windows not covered by the back-drop and it was on these that we nailed the cardboard people. Exhausted boarders spent the afternoon blowing up balloons. We grouped these in suitable corners of the gym. From the corners red and white streamers stretched to a huge bunch of balloons on the ceiling. It was just

co-incidence that we chose red and white as we discovered later that these are the colours of Royal Military College, and although it has an attraction for a couple of our scholars, we did not mean to support it at our annual dance.

Later, as we studied the final results, we patted ourselves on the back and decided that the streamers, balloons, backdrop, silver moon and stars all looked very nice.

The Square Dance

An atmosphere of anticipation prevailed in the 5B classroom when our head girl, Sally Wright, told us about the square dance which we were to give for the younger girls on Friday, March 21. All went well until a few days later one of the more practical types asked where we were to get the necessary boys. No one had any suggestions, so the square dance was about to be called off, when the boys from Rockcliffe Public School were mentioned.

The square dance was held in the Rockcliffe Public School gymnasium and Bob Maudsley from Lisgar was caller. The 5 B hostesses were relieved to find that their food supply was adequate. The dance ended at eleven-thirty when we all went home, sorry to leave the dance but happy to get off our shoes.

House Dances

This year Elmwood's social calendar featured two house dances, one early in the fall term and the other this spring. The more formal of these informal dances was held in October and was a great success because of the enthusiasm and untiring efforts of our head girl, Sally Wright. Our second house dance was held the last of April before the serious work of preparing for final examinations. Shelia McCormick, our head boarder, was in charge of this dance and created a unique effect in using movies as the theme of her decorations.

The Golden Rule Club

The last period on Monday afternoon is always special for the girls from Transition to Form 4 B. It is then we have our Golden Rule Club meeting. This year we have

been interested in hearing letters from Alderico Zanirati, an Italian boy we are supporting. To help to collect money for Alderico we held a candy sale at which we made \$17.56. During the year we have collected altogether about \$45.00 for the Save the Children Fund.

Something new this year has been popping corn and roasting marshmallows at some of our meetings. Apart from the business of the Club, we have also had plays put on by the forms, have taken part in an amateur show, and have had games and singing (especially camp songs).

The highlight of the club year was "Cinderella", the play put on by Transition

and Form 1 with Mrs. McAuley.

We feel that our club has had a happy year due to the efforts of Mrs. McAuley, Miss Schurman, Miss Perry, and Mrs. Ketcheson.

Free Day

Free day came as usual at the end of January, Friday the 28th. Again it was the day when the girls saw what it was like to run a school, for they chose their own timetable, no two classes the same. The mistresses this year were persuaded to teach subjects which ranged from Economics to History and Russian. The day was a great success and discipline was kept well in hand by the officers.

Drama

On February 25th Elmwood began its dramatic presentations of the year with the annual house plays. The first performance was given by Nightingale who presented "The Dear Departed" with Sally Trueman, Vicky Brain and Esther Prudham in the leading roles, supported by Margo Freiman, Shirley Ann Gobeil and Ton-Ton Darricades. Next came Keller with a comedy "The Man in the Bowler Hat" with Mary Fisher-Rowe and Joan Fagan heading the cast, followed by Jane Yates, Rosemary Findlay, Joan Horovitz, and Frances Drury. Fry then gave their presentation of a Scottish tragedy "Campbell of Kilmohr" with Emilie van der Vaart, Gail La Charity, Mickey Manion, and Gillian Neville in the leading parts with Elaine Calkoen, Beverley Brown, Beth Hay and Eleanor Patrick as supporting cast. The winner of the competition was Fry and points for acting were given to Vicky Brain, Joan Fagan, Emilie van der Vaart, Gail La Charity and Gillian Neville for the portrayals of their parts.

The Christmas programme included the "Nativity" presented by the Junior school, followed by "The Pagan Fawn" acted by Forms 2 and 3 and directed by Mrs. Davis.

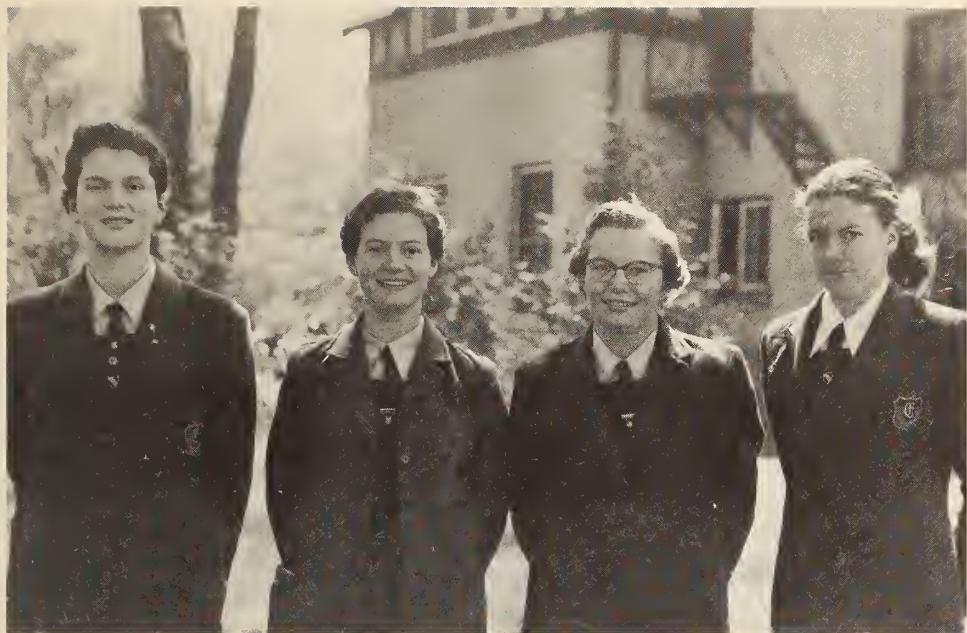
On the night of March 4th, Ashbury-

Elmwood presented the comedy "Mr. Belvedere" by Gwen Davenport. This play was under the combined direction of Mr. Belcher and Mr. Devine, and was well received by the audience. Credit should be given to Joan Fagan, Vicky Brain, Frances Wood and Esther Prudham for excellent performances in their various roles.

The night of April 28th saw two productions in the dramatic field. The first to be performed was a one act play "Sunday Costs Five Pesos" by Josephine Niggli, which takes place in Mexico. Under Mrs. Meiklejohn's direction—Joan Horovitz, Gillian Neville, Frances Wood, Emilie van der Vaart, and Ton-Ton Darricades enacted the fights and arguments created by a jealous love quarrel.

This was followed by an opera "Papageno" adapted from Mozart's "The Magic Flute" with excellent music direction by Mr. MacTavish combined with the stage direction of Mrs. Meiklejohn. We were also pleased to receive Mr. Robert Fleming who played the accompaniment so expertly for this production. Joan Yates, Denise Karr and Beth Hay should be given a great deal of credit for their singing in the leading roles.

With these latter presentations Elmwood closed the curtains on another successful season of dramatics.



HEADS OF HOUSES



MONITORS



SENIOR
SCHOOL
BASKETBALL
TEAM

BADMINTON
CHAMPIONS



HOUSE
VOLLEYBALL
WINNERS



Sports Day 1954

On June 10th, 1954, amid sunshine and mosquitoes, Sports Day was held. A large number of parents and friends were present. Everything ran smoothly thanks to the organization of Miss Dubrule. Fry won the Inter House Sports Cup. Other winners were:

Senior Sports Cup—Gill Neville
 Intermediate Sports Cup—Carolyn Bruce
 Junior Sports Cup—Judy Toller
 Preparatory Sports Cup—Rita Browning

School Sports Captain

For the first year in Elmwood's history we have had a school Sports Captain whose duty it is to take over the managing of house games from the Head Girl. Joan Maynard has been a marvellous Sports Captain and has succeeded in getting the tournaments played off. With her boundless and endless energy she has inspired all of us.

Basketball

In the house basketball, Nightingale won both the Junior and Senior matches, Keller followed and Fry drew up at the rear.

We played several interschool basket-

ball games and unfortunately our winning luck was not with us. We did beat Lisgar 28-21 after an overtime period. Carleton College defeated us 40-19, Glebe defeated us 24-19. We were fortunate this year to practise and play most of our games in the spacious Rockcliffe Park Public School gym.

The Junior basketball team played two matches against Hull High School. We lost the first 19-18, but in the return match Elmwood came back to win 30-24.

A team was chosen representing 4 A and 4 B to play against R.P.P.S., but the juniors were beaten both times by their rivals across the street. The scores were 43-10; 28-14 for R.P.P.S.

School Basketball Team

Forwards	Guards
Sally Wright	Joan Maynard
Frances Wood	Joan Campbell
Sheila McCormick	Libby Bogue
Molly Sutcliffe	Sue Hislop
Callie Grant	Barbara Kennedy
Joan Yates	Esther Prudham
B.-J. Davis	Andrea Rowley
	Sally Simpson

Soccer

Soccer was played again this year and at last we are scoring goals. The matches were started in the autumn but they are not yet completed. So far the results are: Nightingale 3 vs. McKeller 2; Nightingale 2 vs. Fry 2; Fry 4 vs. Nightingale 0; Keller vs. Fry (yet to be played).

Volley Ball

The volley ball matches were played early in the rainy fall term. Nightingale won both the Junior and Senior matches; Keller came second and Fry third.

Skiing and Skating

The rink was made much larger this year and was situated behind Mrs. Graham's house. The Juniors enjoyed themselves and they learnt a bit about wielding a hockey stick as well. They played two hockey matches against R.P.P.S. but were beaten. Next year we hope they will do better.

The skating party was held on Friday, Januray 14th and many races were run off with everyone, including some seniors, having a good time.

Skiing conditions were excellent this year and many of our enthusiastic skiers spent entire weekends skiing in the Gatineau. The yearly trip to Mont Tremblant was in the last week of January. As usual, everyone had a marvellous time and learnt a lot of skiing technique. We would all like to thank you, Mrs. Ryan, Captain and Mrs. Bruce and Miss Dubrule, for enabling us to go.

Swimming

This year the girls have gone swimming at the Chateau Laurier. The Intermediates have been taken down on Tuesday and the Juniors and Seniors on Wednesday.

Soft-Ball

The inaugural game was won by the Nightingale stalwarts by a score of 30-9 against Fry House team.

Badminton

Last year the badminton finals were still being played in the last week of school. This year we have managed to play off all the finals. The winners are:—

Senior Singles—Joan Maynard (N)

Senior Doubles—Sheila McCormick (K)

Lynne Castonguay (K)

Intermediate Singles—

Lynne Castonguay (K)

Intermediate Doubles—Pat Elvidge (F)

Beth Hay (F)

Tennis

This year we were represented in the Interscholastic Tennis Tournament once again. We were not so lucky this year, as we were forced to relinquish the shield to Lisgar. Lisgar defeated us 4-2.

The school tournament will be played later on this term.

School Team

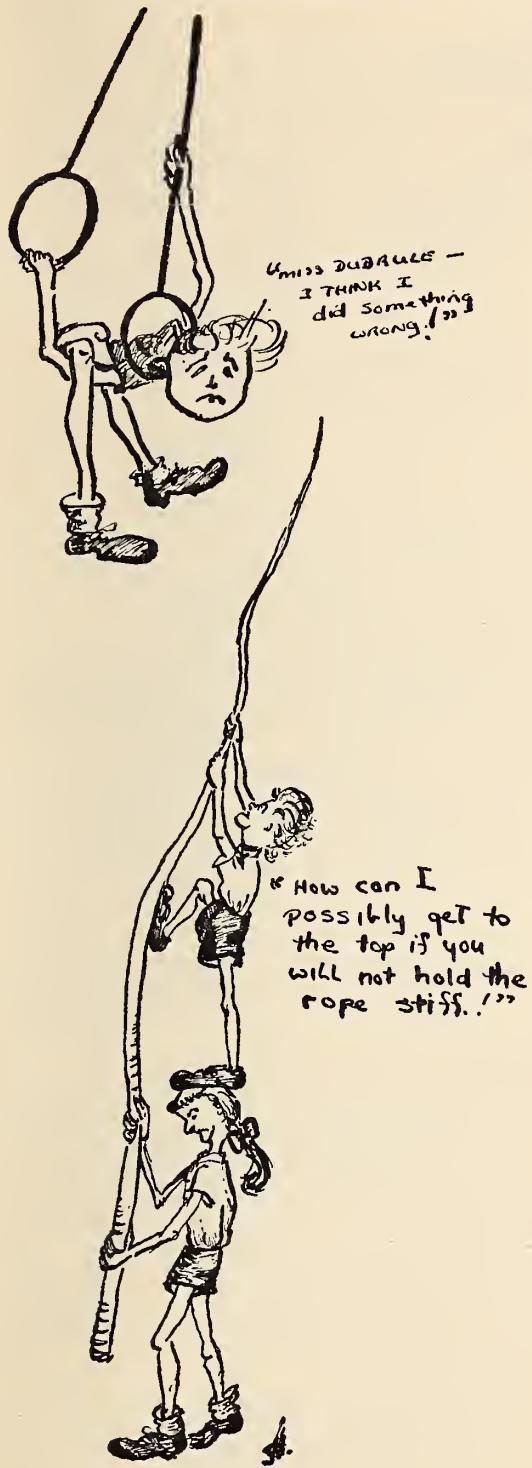
1st Singles—Sally Wright

2nd Singles—Joan Maynard

3rd Singles—Diana Radcliff

1st Doubles—Joan Maynard, Sally Wright

2nd Doubles—B.-J. Davis, Sue Hislop



Boarders' Notes

This year upon arrival we were greeted at the door by Sheila McCormick, our head boarder, and Mrs. Snellgrove, our former house mistress. We were very sorry to have Mrs. Snellgrove leave us just before Christmas, but soon after the holidays, Miss Buckmaster came over from England to take her place. She has done this very capably. We would like to take this opportunity to thank both Mrs. Snellgrove and Miss Buckmaster for making it a wonderful year.

We had with us many new Intermediate boarders as well as Juniors and Seniors. They didn't remain novices very long. It seems, looking back upon the year, that Sheila (being a master at school tricks herself) found out what was brewing before we even had our plans settled. So, between her and the boarding mistresses we were kept well in line, although some crazy stunts managed to escape their watchful eyes.

School activities this year included a picnic to Lac Philippe on the first Saturday of the year. On Hallowe'en our party was a great success, and "all dressed up" the day girls joined us for supper. After the Christmas turkey dinner we had our Carol Service at Mrs. Graham's, and on the last night before the holidays we had our pyjama party, punctuated by a visit from jolly old St. Nick and Rudolf. After Christmas we spent a grand week-end at Mont Tremblant skiing to our hearts' content. Throughout the year we enjoyed many Philharmonic concerts, C.R.T. plays and even a trip to see the Harlem Globe Trotters.

The new boarding mistresses with us this year were Miss Boyle, Miss Schurman, Mrs. Cameron. The familiar ones from last year were Miss Dubrule, Miss Colquhoun (the nurse), Mrs. Kilpatrick, Miss Maxwell and Miss MacCallum.

Form Notes

Form 6 Matric

AUDREY ASHBOURNE

Ambition: Lone fisherman on Grand Banks
Probable Future: Model for a Dresden figurine
Favourite Pastime: Poetry reading

SUSAN BRAIN

Ambition: Marry an ambassador
Probable Future: Miss Canada '56
Favourite Pastime: Black widow

BEVERLEY BROWN

Ambition: Teaching
Probable Future: Kids—"Cheaper by the Dozen"
Favourite Pastime: Going to church

ELIANE CALKOEN

Ambition: P.M. of Netherlands
Probable Future: Einstein's successor
Favourite Pastime: Defeating champions in Badminton

WENDY CARTER

Ambition: Horseracer
Probable Future: Just a housewife
Favourite Pastime: Making history hysterical

TON-TON DARRICADES

Ambition: Physiotherapist
Probable Future: Ton likes the alphabet, R.C.A.F.
Favourite Pastime: Paying her "bills" on time

MARGO FREIMAN

Ambition: Reporter (of what!)
Probable Future: Putting mileage on a convertible
Favourite Pastime: Doing the Mambo

SHIRLEY GOBEIL

Ambition: Poet Laureate
Probable Future: Mayor of Ottawa
Favourite Pastime: Doing Geometry with . . . !

CALLIE GRANT

Ambition: To live with a family in France, learn the language and have a gay time
Probable Future: Gaiety Parisienne
Favourite Pastime: Looking innocent

SUE HISLOP

Ambition: Gentlewoman farmer
Probable Future: Dancing at Arthur Murray's
Favourite Pastime: Giggling in a corner

JOAN HOROVITZ

Ambition: Social worker
Probable Future: Society gal
Favourite Pastime: Laughing at stale jokes

LIZ MacKENZIE

Ambition: The "Met"
Probable Future: Lili Pons' contemporary
Favourite Pastime: Physics (?)

MICKEY MANION

Ambition: University
Probable Future: Lecturing at the Sorbonne
Favourite Pastime: Skiing with Pierre

GILL NEVILLE

Ambition: The stage
Probable Future: Lady Macbeth
Favourite Pastime: Drawing during French

SALLY TRUEMAN

Ambition: World's most graceful diver
Probable Future: "Censored" at the Film Board
Favourite Pastime: Riding motorcycles

EMILIE VAN DER VAART

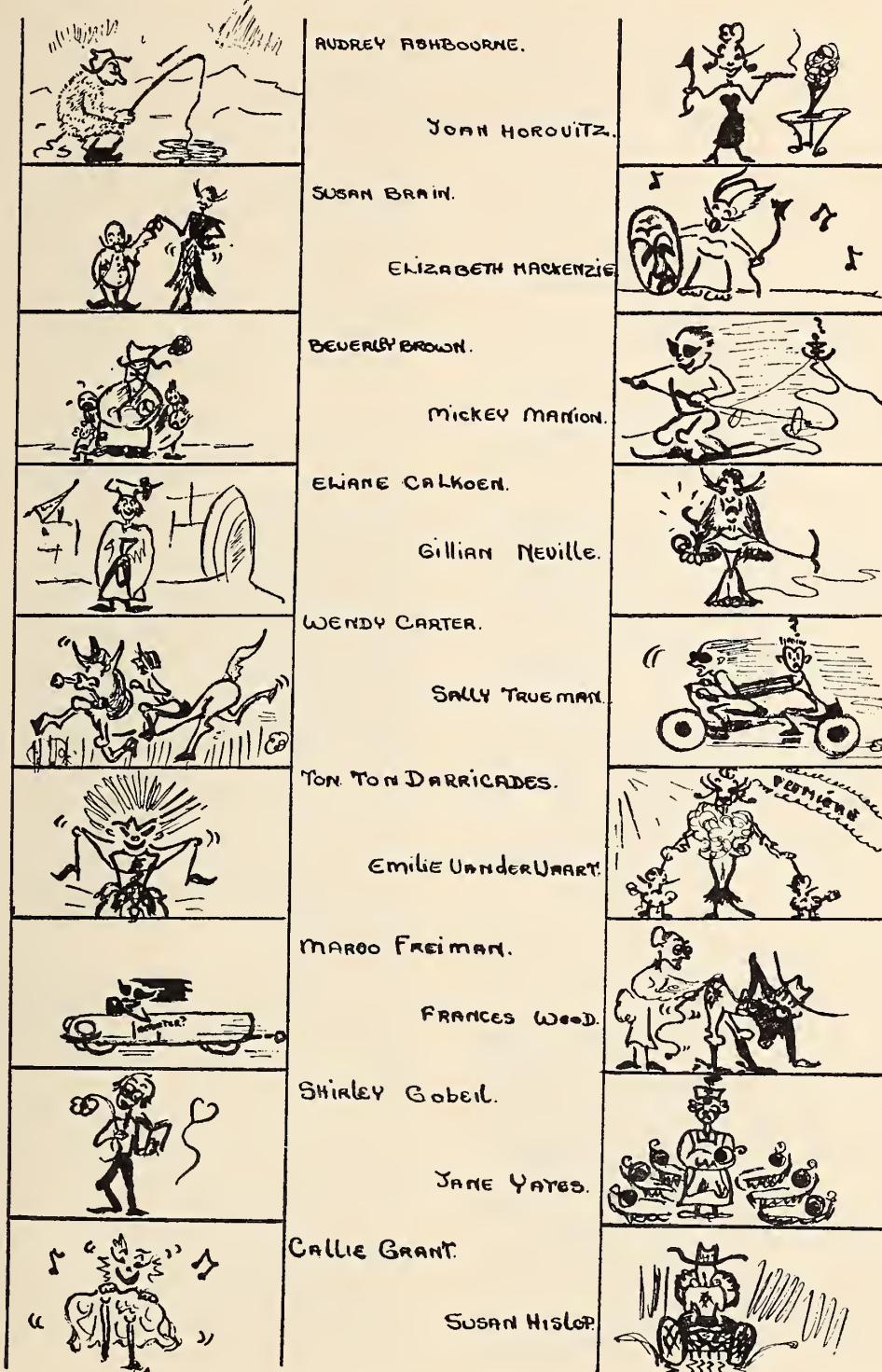
Ambition: Hollywood
Probable Future: Bringing up her children on cakes and a calorie chart
Favourite Pastime: Animals and Bobbie

FRAN WOOD

Ambition: Author
Probable Future: Patching tears in a "red coat"
Favourite Pastime: "Dance with me, Henri!"

JANE YATES

Ambition: Pediatric nurse
Probable Future: Saying "I do" to a doctor
Favourite Pastime: Daydreaming



Form 5 A

Welcome to the eleventh session of the U.N. Let us start with Vicky Brain. She is the humorist of our daily sessions and an up and coming dramatist.

This year we have two delegates from Glebe. One is trying to pass a bill in favour of the O.T.C. She is Audrey Fell who, living at the other end of town, does not have to do any transferring since the Bank streetcar comes to Rockcliffe. Our other delegate from Glebe is Camille Beaudry who arrived at the session after Christmas.

Our delegate from Lisgar is busily trying to read a bill in Latin. She is none other than Jane Murphy who, with Carolyn Bruce, is practically a boarder.

Toronto is well represented in this year's session with two delegates. If you hear a piano medley being played (minus any mistakes) or see a person with Spanish book in one hand, comb in other, styling someone's hair, you will know it's Denise Karr and Janet Macintosh.

Now the voice of Molly Sutcliffe booms over the microphone urging all to come to the dance. She spent her tenth session with the U.N. at Ontario Ladies' College and has spent time, in this year's session, planning the dances.

Our delegate to the twelfth session is Sally Trueman. She was our industrious form captain the first term and tried to pass many bills in favour of "silence". Denise Karr is her successor as form captain.

Of course, there is Barbara Kennedy in the back corner having a heated argument on communism with B.-J. Davis. Barb is doing an excellent job as president of the debating club. B.-J. is an active forward on the school basketball team.

The strains of music from the front of the room warn us that Di Radcliffe and Joan Yates are brushing up on the Mambo between industrious sessions of Latin.

Libby Bogue, our former Kingston delegate, is this year living in Ottawa. Lib is a

guard on the school basketball team and sticks up for that Irish blood in her.

Andrea Rowley, a former delegate, has just returned from diplomatic service in Switzerland. We welcome her back.

And last but not least, we find our one Edmonton delegate, Esther Prudham, who is the industrious reporter to the eleventh session.

The president of our eleventh session has been Miss Boyle. She has done a wonderful and difficult job of handling us. We all hope she will join us next year in the twelfth session of the U. N. (Unlearned Nobodies).

Form 5 B

Susannah Clarke—of late Sue—has become very interested in skiing at Camp Fortune, and especially enjoys it when her "fredins" are there.

Helena von Numers—joined us at Christmas from Finland and has fitted in very well. Her many interests are dramatics and reading. Best of luck always!

Bizzy Richardson—has been doing a wonderful job looking after Mrs. McAuley's little girls which will prepare her for later years.

Sue Belcourt—is one of 5 B's (many) intelligent pupils. Aside from all her studying, Sue seems to find time for parties and such.

Rosy Findlay—if you hear a noise in 5 B—you can guess who's making it! Seriously, though, Rosy is just friendly and nobody minds a bit!

Sue Garland—came to us this year from Nepean. Her main hobby is riding and she places well in all the shows. Although she is not quietest member of our form, she keeps us all in good spirits!

Sandy Graham—our "little lady" of 5 B—has been with us for seven years. She has been working hard and hopes to take a trip to California this coming summer.

Lee Gobeil—has returned to us from Switzerland since Christmas, and we are all getting her to help us with our French!

Franny "Thumbleina" Cabeldu—is only sixty inches high; her happiest day was when

she got her bands removed. She is an all round girl in both sports and studies.

Sandra "Tootsie" Sukerman—arrived at Elmwood from Kirkland Lake. She is our glamour girl of 5 B and is teased about her resemblance to Judy Holliday.

Sandra Drew, "Droodle"—our little bombshell of 5 B from Rockcliffe (she has a brother at Ashbury)—is our French and music expert—Mambo anyone?

Heather Petrie—was a wonderful form captain during the first term. Heather is a hockey and horse enthusiast.

Gail Dochstader, "Doc"—is the little "Peace-maker" and settles all the crises that arise in 5 B. She also did a very competent job on the form notes.

Mary Gratias—the class jester, has shown another side of her nature by being a responsible form captain during the last term.

In 5 B there are thought to be fifteen students due to the fact that our pretty young form mistress has been mistaken for one of the girls. All the 5 B feel very fortunate in being acquainted with her. We hope you have enjoyed your honeymoon at Elmwood, Mrs. Chater!

Form 5 C

Since our class is so large this year there is a wide variety of characters, namely:

Linda Redpath—our sports-minded member of the form.

Ellie Patrick—a *most* fortunate girl, having *two* brothers at Ashbury.

Jean Garvoe—one of the more studious and quiet girls in the class.

Pat Elvidge—as you come into our classroom, the first voice you hear is Pat's!

Gail LaCharity—"The woman of cosmetics."

Jana Stepan—sometimes the silent type—and sometimes not!

Margo Pullen—the girl who likes LATIN!

Eleanor Garson—our fashion-minded friend.

Wendy Dochstader—the little girl with the big voice.

Sue Hamilton—the only member of our class who enjoys tearing up small pieces of paper.

Sue Campbell—quiet at times—but at *other* times!

Beth Hay—the girl whose *main* interests are at Ashbury!

Sue Petrie—quiet but lively!

Rona Brodie—Santa's next door neighbour!

Lilias Ahearn—who loves striking against homework.

Sally Sadler—our expert mathematician.

Judy Dowd—just call her tiny (and quiet?).

Elizabeth Groos—likes the sound of *some* Latin conjugations.

Bonnie Wood—our cowgirl from Saskatchewan.

Bonnie Jeckell—our Latin scholar.

Franny Drury—a little girl with a big brain!

Brenda Hill—poor girl, the boarders enjoy waking her because she lives right across from the school!

Sarah Jennings—she just loves "horsing" around!

Lynne Castonguay—the spark of the form!

Lauretta Landymore, Pamela Cawdron, Nicky Beaudry and Mardi Thompson are new members, but we wish them the best of luck as we do Mrs. Stephen who does such a wonderful job as our form mistress.

Form 4 A

Since our class is quite large we decided to write our form notes under the headings: Pet Aversion, Favourite Expression, Ambition, Probable Future.

Margo Hay—Losing her pen, "You boobed", Nurse, Breaking and fixing pens!

Judy Toller—Form 4 B, "Oh, Margo", Nurse, Dissecting golliwogs.

Ingrid Shaffer—Work, "You prune", Ballerina, Chiropractor.

Mary Findlay—Math, "Jeepers", Stewardess, Housewife.

Christine Ashburne—Pills, "Ye Gads", Nurse, Wac(ky).

Donalee Forbes—Ashbury, "Just a minute",
Animal shelterer! Lion tamer!
Louise Hayley—Heather, "That's beside the
Point", Nurse, Old maid.
Joanna Garland—Prep, "Who filched my...?",
Vet, Bronco buster.
Barbara Molot—Pills, "Gad", Lawyer, Drug-
gist.
Seddon Ryan—Florida (no snow), "Settle
down", Artist, Ernie McCulloch II.
Efi Malamaki—Boys (?), "Gee", Mambo
teacher, Teacher.
Carol Frayne—Cake, "Oh, oh", Teaching at
Rockcliffe, Cook.
Deidre Richardson—Darragh, "Oh, la, la",
Dancer, French teacher.
Wendy Blackburn—Mice, "Weezer", Vet,
Actress.
Paula Duncan—Clean desks, "You made a boo
boo", Doctor, Street cleaner.
Dorothy Wheeler—Horses, "J'ai faim", Pet
Shop Owner, Blacksmith.
Linda Nueman—Books, "Disintegrate", Swim-
ming instructor, Nurse!
Kit Sampson—Spelling, "Tête du mule", Breed
horses, Paris café dance.
Miss Maxwell—Excuses, "That doesn't hold
water", Special Artist, Teacher—and a very
good one.

Form 4 B

I am the blackboard in 4 B classroom! The group in my room have much improved this year. The girls are always considerate; they keep my face clean and always "rub me off" well.

As I look round the class, I see Susie Southam and Jane MacTavish, the "Siamese Twins". They have so much in common, animals in particular. Susie is going to be a "Vet" when she grows up.

Darragh Richardson is behind them doing her homework. She has recently come from school in Switzerland and speaks fluent French.

Laragh Neelin is the "Einstein" of the class and is always studying.

Heather Hayley is smart in some ways and is very good at "Crafts". She is making her mother a lovely apron.

Next are Heather Hyndman and Joan Berry. Joan is the humorous one of our class, though the teachers don't always think so. She draws excellent fashion models. Heather shines in Maths. and French.

Then comes Virginia who has just returned from England and next to her is Merida Woodburn who is the scamp of the class, though I must say, she has very much improved. She is "board-monitress" and I am her special charge. She hopes to be an actress one day.

Sandra Comstock is a new girl and is helpful to everyone.

Anne Gilbert is the "sailor" of the class and is always talking in nautical language about battleships.

During the year Lesley Kennedy came to the Form from the United States and Christina Plate from Argentina.

Mrs. Davis has helped us all through the year, and we have been a very happy class. I am the blackboard and I wouldn't wish to change 4 B for any other class.

Form 4 C

The 4 C girls are gathering at Elmwood's most popular winter spot, the rink. On the ice are Susanne, Wendy, Helen, and June practising the twirls they learned at the Minto Skating Club. Whizzing down the slope toward the rink come the skiers, Margot, Gill, Sheila, Johanne, Marjorie, and Brenda. But what is happening at the side of the rink? Some of the budding 4C sculptors are building a snowman. Judy is rolling a ball as big as herself. Georgia is ready to put on the head while Margaret decks him out with her bright red cap. Sarah is offering the snowman her scarf as Rita adds the eyes, nose, and mouth. To complete the picture Miss Mac Callum has a camera ready to snap pictures of the outdoor girls.

Forms 2 and 3

My name is Annabelle, and I am Anne Rowley's doll. I sometimes come to school with my mistress. Teresa brings her doll, Toni, to school, too, and we sit at the front and

watch the girls working. Right now Marilyn and Sandy are doing a Geography lesson. They are studying about lake villages. Angelica and Caroline are working very hard at Arithmetic and are not even looking up. Anne Leonard, Elizabeth and Lindsay are making cut-out Noah's Arks—they have paper animals all over their desks. Morna, who is Form Captain, is being a very good example to the others by working very quietly back there by the window. A new member of the form is Marta Plate from Argentina. Miss Schurman, as usual, is making things nice for everybody.

Toni and I wish we could be in Forms 2 and 3 also. We are very fond of school and would like to come every day.

Transition and Form 1

'Way down in the primary room is the land of Peter Pan and Cinderella, and here we find twelve little ladies with Mrs. McAuley, Miss Perry, and Mrs. Ketcheson. These are

very energetic little people; after all the lessons are done, they turn into story book folk.

There is Cinderella, who has lost her front teeth (Antonia, really) and the Fairy Godmother, who takes piano lessons (Debbie); the two mean stepsisters, who really are sweet (Cynthia and Katherine) and the cruel stepmother, who wears a bright orange wig (Roxy).

Of course, we mustn't forget Prince Charming (Judy) and all his family. The King (Linda) has a beautiful fur cape and two trusty dukes (Margot and Lynn) to do his bidding. The Queen (Jane) wants to get the Prince married and the Princess (Susie) suggests that they have a ball.

Who would guess that these courtly figures, who dance so beautifully, and the dainty tap-dancer (Alex) are really lively little girls who work hard at Number Work, Reading and Writing?

Elmwood Old Girl in the News

(A clipping from "The Gazette", March 22, 1955)

17-Year-Old Explores Nation River in West

Unruffled by "First": Janet Chapman, 17-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Chapman (he left the Seigniory Club two months ago after 20 years as manager of the Log Chateau to take up the post of manager of the Empress Hotel, Victoria), may have been one of the first white women to ascend the Nation River in Northern British Columbia. Janet, who accompanied her parents to the Pacific Coast, is tall, good-looking, writes exquisite poetry, sings, loves music and headed her classes at school.

Now she rates as something of an explorer. Janet's experience in ascending the Nation River came last summer. When she graduated

from Elmwood School for Girls in Ottawa, she was determined to go west. With the help of Mrs. George Murray, who owns and is editor of Fort St. John's "Alaska Highway News" (she heard of her through a mutual friend), she got a job on the newspaper. But it was only 10 days later that she had the chance to join a geological expedition up the Peace River. She was one of three women on the trip. The party travelled up the Peace to the Parsnip and then up the Nation River until they reached impassable falls.

Now she is in Victoria with her family and taking a business course in preparation for college where she plans to study journalism.

Senior Literary Section

The Bat

It was mid-night. Restlessly I lay awake in my little bed, looking up into space, into darkness, waiting for sleep to come. Outside the cool night breezes of summer were beginning to softly murmur—to whistle their way through the swaying pines.

Then it happened! At first, it was a mere scratching on tentest. "Probably a mouse", I said, pulling the covers up a little farther. Then the scratching grew louder, closer. There was one tiny squeak, and suddenly the air became alive with the swishing, swirling sound of the bat hysterically plunging through the inky-black room. With the realization it was trapped, the bat began "to tack". Back and forth it "zinged"; one minute here—thud, the next minute there—plop. Would it hit me? I shuddered at such a night-marish thought.

For ten minutes, with the length of five long hours, I listened, my heart throbbing harder with each "hit"; suddenly I recalled that bats went to the light. Cautiously I reached out and opened the door; a light was burning in the hall. With a hissing sound it burst forth—to what it joyously thought freedom. I slammed the door; now for sleep.

SANDRA BILLINGS, 6 Upper

The Date Forgotten

She fell back terrified as she opened the door. The black-bearded pirate who stood before her would be enough to frighten anyone. His dress was not extraordinary for a pirate. Beginning at his huge black boots with thick cuffs her eye moved upwards and over the dirt-stained dungarees held up by a jewelled belt. It travelled on to the blue silk shirt and then to the red scarf which gave him a dashing air. Above this she noticed in his left ear a golden earring. His eyes were like black beads set deeply in his handsome face. His head was covered with a three-cornered

hat that held a trailing plume. With his hands on his hips he said to the frightened woman, "I've come to take you away with me, for 'tis Hallowe'en".

BARBARA KENNEDY, 5A

Portrait of a Grandfather

It was three years ago when I saw what I would call one of the most beautiful paintings ever done of an old man. It is not that I have seen so many paintings of old men that I say this, but because there, in a picture, lay the whole character of a fine old gentleman.

The painting was a large and massive one bordered by a delicately carved and painted gold-leaf frame. It hung proudly on a pale cream wall and overlooked the first landing on the staircase which was covered with a soft but deep red carpet.

He was a distinguished old soul and there was absolutely no doubt about it. There he sat in a leather-backed chair surrounded by mahogany and with a contented look of peace and happiness on his face. He had settled comfortably in his chair with a pipe in one hand and a half closed book in the other. He had a high forehead with a receding hair line and his hair was as white as snow. There was something that told me he must have been a wise old gentleman and full of charm. Whether it was the cheerful wrinkles cornering each eye, or the deep dimples and shadows in his face or maybe even the one deep dimple in his chin—I don't know, but there was such a definite look of wisdom there, that one couldn't mistake it. Even a small child could see the charm stemming from the twinkle in his big wide eyes. In fact, I should say everything about him was charming. He was wearing an English tweed suit and a brown buckskin waistcoat. A gold watch chain could just be seen leading from one pocket to another.

Perhaps the painter's wonderful and expert choice of colour was what made that painting

what it was. He used soft oils and painted in such a way that everything blended or stayed in definite lines to bring out the main characteristics. He had deep blue eyes and soft pink cheeks. The gold chain almost glistened as though it were real when the sun streamed through the nearby window and shone on the painting in all its glory. The background was painted as a dream or fairy tale. It was almost as though he were sitting in front of another painting in which the trees blended hazily with the pale sky and the old English cottages with thatched roofs were half melted into the earth.

Although I have not seen it for three years, the vivid picture still lies firmly in my mind. I have never forgotten it.

CAROLINE GRANT, 6 Matric

Bravery

Into the flame of battle they went,
Those horses, one hundred and three—
Into the flame of hot desire
Their allies no more to see.

Oh, to be back in the stable so calm,
Back to the homeland so free,
Back with Topsy and Ginger and Jack,
Back to the land by the sea.

But they must go on
For their jobs had been given,
And they must not flinch
For on they were driven.

Never more would the stable
Their happy neigh hear;
Never more with the hounds
Would they hunt down a deer.

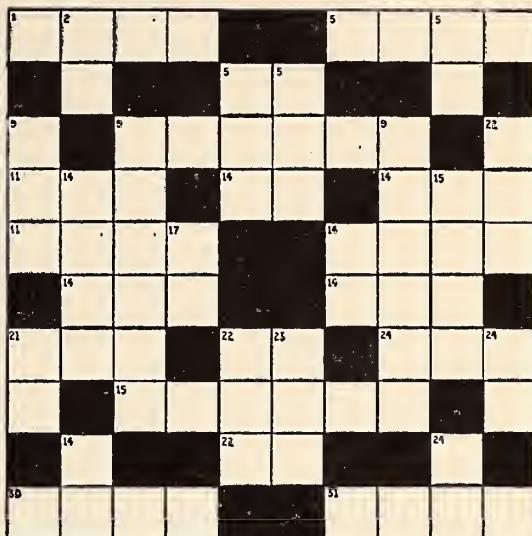
Back they have gone
From whence they had come;
The last dash is over
The last sprint's been run.

But their ghosts shall live on,
Those brave hundred and three,
For they have gone back
To the land by the sea.

SARAH JENNINGS, 5C

Crossword Puzzle

(By Franny Drury)



Across

- Part of the hand
- Sudden sharp pull
- Preposition meaning a place
- Players of Scottish musical instrument
- Everything
- Baby's thanks
- Fear or wonder
- To wander
- Ardent, keen
- Compete with
- Wrong-doing by Bible
- Low marshy land, in England
- Part of verb "to be"
- Final profit
- Thin cord
- Prefix meaning out of
- To rip
- Section of hospital

- Article
- Prefix for again
- Suitable, having a tendency to
- Beverage
- Mark up, soil
- Flat stretches of land
- What banks are for
- Conducted
- Affection
- Fermented drink
- Personal pronoun
- ... white ... a sheet
- Fourth note in scale
- See 22 across
- Circulate
- Can be bad for the eyes
- See 17 down
- An alternative

Looking for Something

Where is the spring? Where has it gone—
The birds, the flowers, the breezes calm,
The sunshine beating warmly down,
The dandelion with its golden crown,
The blossoms, buds that should be here,
Why don't they now begin to appear?
But we have wind, and snow and sleet
Which turn to slush beneath our feet;
The groundhog from his hole can't get,
Its iced-up entrance is solid yet.
But let's be patient while we freeze
And pull our tunics beneath our knees.

RONA BRODIE, 5C

Agatha Ragles

It was Christmas so the hustle and bustle of shopping had begun. Carols were being sung and the air was filled with the general Christmas confusion. But there was one person who was not happy, who did not feel the sweet happiness that people feel when Christmas is near. It was a little girl named Agatha; "Agatha Ragles", the street urchins would yell at her and Agatha would try hard not to let them see her tears that ran down her red cheeks. She hated the name Agatha; it was a name given to her by the foster father. Agatha had no parents of her own; they were dead, she could not remember them.

Sometimes she thought it would be nice to have a father and a mother, a little sister or brother, and to be able to sit around a hot fire while fascinating stories were being read to her—not the sort Frank, the meat seller in the market place, told her. She shuddered to think of them. Poor Agatha, she was sure Pedro, her foster father, would not give her a doll that she so dearly wanted for Christmas. Oh well, thought Agatha, and she pulled her rags more closely round her and pushed her cold feet under a pile of junk that Pedro sold. Business was not very thriving.

Dobbin, the horse, snorted as if he were trying to say, "Let's move to another corner and try our luck there." Poor Agatha. Where was Pedro? She was freezing, and if they started moving, her circulation would start again. Ah Pedro, was that not he running towards her? Yes, it was. And what was he waving, something shiny? It looked like a silver dollar, but no, that couldn't be it. Agatha had only seen one in her life, and that had belonged to Frank, who was rich in the eyes of poor Agatha.

A silver dollar! Now Pedro could buy some wood to patch up their wagon and Agatha could buy the doll in Mrs. Gruenthaler's toy shop for fifteen cents, and they could have a Merry Christmas in the old rooming house without the landlady complaining that they hadn't their month's rent. Oh, Happy, Happy Christmas. Now the bells rang loud in Agatha's little heart.

ELIZABETH GROOS, 5 C

Crucify!

The day was nigh, the hour came,
When voices rose in loud acclaim,
And mobs drew menacingly near—
All wrapped in wrath and curious fear—
Around a figure strongly bound,
Whose head, with piercing thorns, was
crowned,

Whose face was gentle, calm and brave,
Tender and mild, that sought to crave
Forgiveness for all who little knew
The wrong that they would shortly do.
He followed upright in their wake,
And reached the priests all robed in hate,
Who mocked Him and accusingly
Rebuked Him for all He claimed to be,
While fiercely rose the murderous cry,
"Crucify! Crucify!"

He stumbled as He bore the weight
Of that great symbol of His fate,
And so He rose to that high land
Where soon the cross would upright stand;
Where He would bear both pain and death
Praying for strength in every breath,
Praying for pardon for those who stood by
Scourging Him, wanting Him soon to die;
Then with a last prayer, His spirit commanded
To the care of His Father; and so His life
ended.

A nocturnal darkness than gathered around,
The wind rose both screaming and singing
in sound,
Sharp lightning, deep thunder in the silence
appeared,
While dark ugly clouds with their anger
revered;
The people all wailed and were filled with
great dread
At the realization of Him who was dead.
And an echoing murmur still whispered high,
"Crucify! Crucify!"

GILLIAN NEVILLE, 6 Matric

An Incident in Barbados

The little "Red Devil" followed the narrow palm-arched road, rounded the last bend and finally brought us to a stop. Directly ahead of

us were the wide silver sands bordering the blue rushing waves of the Caribbean. We wasted no time in dashing into the high waves. The relentless heat of the equatorial sun had lessened. Only the bright orange and purple shades of the sunset cast light.

For the first time in my life I tried "riding the board". This was slightly tapered at one end. The rider lay on the board and went into shore on top of a gigantic breaker. The first three times were a great success. However, as I was preparing to ride a fourth tremendous wave, it caught me before I was correctly on the board and took me for quite a spill. I remember being carried completely under the wave and scraping my stomach along the rippled sand. I must have swallowed at least a gallon of salt water; then the board came riding over me, hitting my head with a hard blow! Someone grabbed me and pulled me out. After a few minutes of rest on the beach I was able to catch my breath again.

We jumped into the little red Singer and drove back to the hotel. It had gotten dark and hardly a sound could be heard except the lull of the ocean-rollers in the distance. The evening had begun peacefully and had thus ended peacefully.

DENISE KARR, 5 A

The Lily

When walking in the garden,
'Twas at the eventide,
I came upon a lily,
The whitest I espied.

I looked and lo, it opened
To drink the falling dew;
It seemed lonely in that garden,
And I was lonely too.

So I smiled down at that lily
As the day came to an end,
And when I left that garden,
I just knew I had a friend.

BEVERLEY BROWN, 6 Matric

On Being Demoted

(*Apologies to Shakespeare*)

Double, double toil and trouble
We sit and boil while prefects bubble,
Floor of splinters—bloomers rent,
Back to humility, authority spent.

No more yelling up the stairs,
No more giving marks in prayers;
Here we sit on laurels lost
Reputations tempest-tossed.
Here the pins of merit given
To you, for whom we've so (ahem) striven.

Ex-Monitors of 6 Matric

On Being a Teenager

In the opinion of most adults, the golden years of our lives are those when we are teenagers. Of course, in some ways they are the most difficult, but it is the time when we learn to appreciate the good things in life without the worries that come in later years. Suddenly Shakespeare is not so dry and we find ourselves venturing away from "Humpty-Dumpty" to read the books our parents read.

We teenagers today are living in a scientific age where things are advancing quickly. Overnight we switch from moccasins to stilts and our pale faces turn into "Pond's angel faces". Perhaps when we are nine we look forward to the day we can change from bobby socks to silks. When we finally arrive at that stage, we find that silk and nylon stockings have the nasty habit of "running" and that the act of making ourselves look older does not appeal to us, and we long for the days when we wore bobby socks; but such is life.

A wonderful convenience our parents sometimes possess is the now seemingly necessary car. I am sure, though, our parents wish at times that such an invention did not exist. Of course, to us teenagers it is the most wonderful thing that ever happened, though it can be a cause of misery if there is a large dent in the side of the car to be accounted for, or if the gas tank registers "empty" when two hours previously it read "full". Grandfather's

clock is a problem, too, for it has the habit of striking midnight on time even though we may be late. Dad, we may be sure, will greet us with a few words to the effect of restricted use of the car in future and a few grumbles about the irresponsibility of the younger generation.

We naturally have plenty of homework to do, plenty of exams for which to study, but all in all being a teenager is wonderful and we should make the best of it.

ESTHER PRUDHAM, 5A

Spring in the South

It was late afternoon, and spring had come early to the South. The sun slanted down in the garden, throwing a gleaming light on the dogwood trees that were solid masses of white against the background of the new green. The sunset was a really red one which seemed to be telling the world that tomorrow would be a beautiful, wonderful day like the day now so nearly finished. Now that it was setting into a blush of crimson behind the hills across the river, the warmth of the April day was ebbing into a balmy chill.

Spring had come early this year with warm quick rains and a sudden blossoming of pink peach blossoms. The dogwood trees studded the dark river swamp and the far-off hills. Already the plowing was nearly finished. The moist hungry earth waiting for the cotton seeds showed pink on the sandy tops of the furrows. The white-washed brick plantation house stood on a rise overlooking the fields, negro cabins and gardens.

Suddenly came the sound of hooves, the jingling of harness chains and the laughter of negro voices as they came in from the fields. Inside the house was the click of china and the rattle of silver as the table was laid for supper.

The outside of the house was bathed in the last rays of the departing sunlight. The wind rushed through the trees and the white curtains fluttered in the breeze.

The approach to the house was beautiful.

The dark cedars set in an archway above the drive. In the half light the dark trees were black against the pastel sky.

It was a wonderfully pleasant land of white houses, plowed fields waiting for the white of the cotton, and slow peaceful rivers. Spring had come again. And soon, so would another day.

SUE BELCOURT, 5B

The Door Opened Slowly

The smoke from her cigarette floated in the air and mixed with the tulle in her dress, so that she was wrapped in a cloud of grey. One of her shoes had fallen on the floor when she lay down on the sofa, and it lay there so that the bottom was turned toward the ceiling. Her red toe-nails showed through her thin stockings, one of which had a short run. She had had a red ribbon in her hair, but she had taken it off, and it lay on the pillow beside her. She wondered if they still were going to tidy up a bit tonight. In that case, she was going to send them away, because she wanted to be alone.

She thought of the party. She had prepared it carefully, and it had been a success, her guests had enjoyed themselves, and she had enjoyed herself. She had a beautifully set table and flower decorations everywhere. She had had her dress made especially for this event and was proud of it, because it really suited her. She had put on her silver necklace, the silver necklace with the turquoises, that was so tight around her neck. The last glance she had caught of herself in the mirror gave her a certain feeling of security. She was going to enjoy herself, she thought. She was pleased with herself and her house. She was a brilliant hostess where she sat at one of the short ends of the table. She could chat about everything. She was clever and could give quick answers. After dinner, spirits were high, and her guests began to dance. Everybody danced, except Charles, of course, because he was so deaf. She felt sorry for Charles, who was so deaf. But in spite of that, he was very entertaining, because he talked to you about nice things,

and you only had to laugh with him and he was content. It was a relief, anyway, that he hadn't heard when she and his wife quarrelled. She frowned when she thought of it. What a silly quarrel it was. She had dropped some champagne on her dress and Charles' wife started to scold her for it. What an indecent way to treat her hostess. Just think of it, to start scolding her hostess! Was that manners? No, certainly not. But she and Charles' wife had never been very good friends. In fact, it was said about them, or rather whispered, that there was something between them that was really serious. But nobody knew what it was. She got up from the sofa and took down a serpentine from the chandelier. She started tearing it into little pieces that slowly fell to the floor. She could remember Charles' wife looking at her ironically with her big eyes. She lay down on the sofa again and looked up at the ceiling. She played with the little paper knife that was on the table beside her. She remembered how relieved she had been when she saw that Charles sat with his back to them, not hearing a thing. She felt sorry for him, but he was lucky not to know what sort his wife was. Well, she thought, what's the use of thinking of a little, unimportant episode.

She looked at the door for a moment, because she thought it moved. But it must have been imagination. She was tired now. It really was tiring to have parties. But—she opened her eyes widely—the door really moved, but slowly, very slowly. She didn't hear any steps, so she wondered if it were the draught from the window she had opened. But it couldn't be that, because she had closed the door well, so that the lock clicked. It must be one of the servants, she thought. "Come in", she said. The door continued to open, very slowly. "I'll come in", said a voice, "just as you want me to". And the owner of the voice came in, did his errand, turned the light off, and went out. And the exit was as quiet as the entrance had been. It was now dark in the room, and one could only surmise the woman on the sofa. The moon shone in through the window, but it was on its guard,

not to shine on the sofa, so as not to wake the woman on it. It shone instead on the chandelier that sent prisms in the colour of the rainbow all over the room. But soon the moon was hidden behind clouds, and darkness was as a thick cover that lay on the room.

She still lay there on the sofa when the first sunbeams came through the windows. Her dress was around her, wrapping her in grey. The beautiful necklace of silver and turquoises decorated her white throat. Maybe it was a bit tighter than the night before, but it really suited her better. Her shoe had again fallen to the floor, and it lay there like a gaping hole, black and empty. The paper-knife wasn't on the table. Where could it be? Of course, it could have fallen to the floor and slid somewhere under the sofa.

One of the maids went over the corridor to Madam's bedroom. She carried a tray with her breakfast. She was going to congratulate Madam on the successful party yesterday. She admired her, because she could give such lovely parties. But Madam wasn't in her bedroom. She hadn't even slept in her bed last night. The maid thought for a while. Then she assumed that Madam had fallen asleep on the sofa that she lay down on after the party last night. Poor Madam, she was probably tired. But she had to wake her up. Madam had an important appointment quite early in the day. Quietly she walked down the corridor, with the thick carpet on the floor. The house was so quiet, uncanny somehow. Slowly she opened the door to the sitting-room, in fact, somewhat in the same way as the visitor last night. If Madam had seen it, she might not have liked it. It was extremely unpleasant when doors opened slowly. The maid saw that she had been right. Madam had remained on the sofa. She looked so calm, it really was a pity to wake her. But it had to be done. Quietly she walked over the floor to the sofa. Madam felt unusually cold but no wonder, when she had slept all night with the thin dress on her. But, what was wrong with Madam? She was not at all as usual. "But Madam", she cried, "What is wrong with Madam?" . . .

No, she didn't know anything about it. She had gone into Madam's bedroom to give her her breakfast, only to find that Madam hadn't slept in her bed at all. Then she went to the living-room and saw Madam lying there. First she didn't notice anything, but when she came closer, she saw that Madam looked so queer. Then she screamed, and the butler came and phoned Madam's doctor, who came right away. Oh, it was so terrible, everything, she didn't want to think of it. She was going to go away and live with her sister. She wanted to forget everything. Oh, poor Madam, who was so happy in life, so beautiful and clever. She couldn't understand that Madam had any enemies. It was quite unimaginable—Madam, who was so sweet, and so kind. Right after the funeral she was going away, it was so terrible, poor Madam. The devoted maid had tears rolling down her cheeks. Yes, she was going away, it was so terrible.

It told about it in the newspaper, and there was a picture of Madam. Nobody really missed her, but everybody was curious. There were no details in the newspaper. It only said that Madam had died in the night between Friday and Saturday in her apartment. "Oh, how awful", everybody said, "what a tragedy".

But what had happened? Madam's doctor had found her lying on the sofa, cold and dead. A little paper-knife was stuck in between her throat and the necklace. It was twisted once around so that the necklace strangled her. It had been easily, quietly and quickly done. Without any greater effort had the charming Madam been wiped out, by somebody who didn't like her too much, by somebody who very much wanted her out of the way.

When Charles' wife read about it in the paper, she said, "Oh, how terribly surprising. The servants can give me an alibi, and Charles is deaf. He did come home a little later, though nobody knows, but he is deaf, he couldn't have done it, not possibly. Charles", she said and raised her voice, "you are deaf, aren't you?" She sent flowers to the funeral.

But the flowers from Charles' wife died first. When all the other flowers still were fresh, the flowers from Charles' wife were dead. Why? Who knows? But I don't think Madam would have liked those flowers there, not the flowers from Charles' wife. The last time they saw each other they weren't very good friends. Nobody said what everybody thought, that Charles' wife was pleased with Madam out of the way. But she had an alibi, and Charles was deaf.

The house was going to be torn down. It was so old already. Madam wouldn't have liked it; she was quite fond of the old house. But she was gone now, and nobody thought of what she would have liked. But they say that the new house is haunted. There is a certain door that opens every now and then. Without any known power, it opens, slowly, very, very slowly.

HELENA VON NUMERS, 5B

The Chain Store and the Corner Store

A chain store and a corner store, although alike in many respects are really very different. Let us enter each of these stores and see what is going on at four o'clock on a Wednesday afternoon.

As we open the huge swinging doors of Woolworth's, one of the largest chain stores in the country, we are greeted by a blast of cold air from the overhead air conditioning system; and the babble of many voices and intense activity startle us for a moment. Only in this store is it possible for the mink coats and sloppy overboots to mingle as freely as they do, for here one can purchase anything from clothes to candy and toys to hair pins. Little boys and girls with dirty faces and ruffled hair are lined up before the candy counter with their nickel allowance clutched tightly in their grimy hands, waiting patiently to purchase the delicious goodies on the high counter above. A harassed mother with a screaming baby in tow is trying to choose between green darning wool and yellow thread, but the loud protests of the fat, heavily made-up woman beside her seem to have her

quite distracted. In the gadget corner a ragged, bald-headed old man is buying a screw driver, while at the next counter two little children stare in rapt wonderment at a tank of bright gold-fish. At the other end of the store, two women are comparing the price of chocolate éclairs and lemon tarts while a third inquires about the price of a bolt of sky-blue material. A group of bobby-socked girls are exclaiming over the new colour of lipstick, while a young couple hold hands in the second booth and listen to their favourite songs.

Now let us visit the corner store. As we open the unimpressive wooden door, a small tinkling bell announces our presence and we are greeted with a cheery hello from Mr. Lemieux, the proprietor. Business is at its peak right now, for the boys and girls from the nearby high school have all come to their favourite spot for an after-school snack of malted milks and chocolate sundaes. The air is filled with talk of "Chem" and "Trig", and the noise from the blaring juke box makes the old man selling Aspirins and Kleenex shudder. Young Mrs. Brown is buying her last minute groceries, the things she forgot to get when she was downtown at the large grocery store, and stops to gossip to Mrs. Wright about the party they attended last night; while Mr. Adams, the old judge, is purchasing the early edition of the newspaper and discussing the mayoralty elections with the salesman.

The clock is just striking six and so we must leave and return home after our long day's travel through two of the most interesting types of stores, the chain store and the corner store.

MARGO FREIMAN, 6 Matric

An Impressive Scene

Everything was quiet and still in the valley. The lake was a deep blue and reflected the soft fleecy clouds which floated overhead. Among the trees on the far side of the lake was a quaint log cabin. An old man with a long white beard, rosy cheeks and twinkling blue eyes sat in front of the cabin smoking a pipe. To one side of the cabin lay a canoe on top of which perched a family of squirrels,

chattering noisily, as they ate the nuts they had gathered from the nearby trees. Across the lake a doe and her fawn broke through the trees to take a drink of cool, clear water. The sun began to sink slowly into the west. The squirrels scurried to their nest and the doe back to her home in the forest. Night had fallen on the valley. Everything had gone to sleep.

CAROLYN BRUCE, 5A

Moment of Triumph

I feel suddenly very giddy. I do not know whether to laugh, to cry, or just to stand there and look blank. I do not feel anything or see anything; I just hear a very definite roaring in my ears, a roaring that every actress welcomes with wonder and surprise. I look out into the dark space before me, but it is so difficult to see now, for my eyes are filling with tears. The roaring of the applause is getting louder, and I seem to hear shoutings of "bravo" and "terrific". I take another bow and I taste the salt of my tears, which are rolling down my cheeks. Now I feel so gay, so hopelessly gay and happy; I tremble all over and let the tears run down my face and ruin my make-up.

EMILIE VAN DER VAART, 6 Metric

Evening Ride

The night was fading quickly,
The air was warm and still,
And vapours from the mill pond
Were resting on the hill .

The blues of early evening
Had melted into black,
And where I had been riding,
There seemed no trace or track.

I lingered on the mountain,
Where shone the stars so bright,
And in the whispering forest,
I could breathe the scent of night.

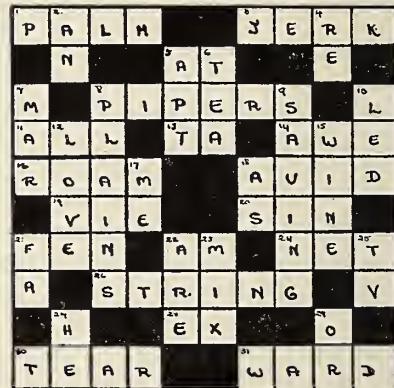
Then I left that quiet corral
And the stars above the hill;
But when come lonely evenings,
I am riding up there still.

BEVERLEY BROWN, 6 Matric

Do You Believe in Santa?

Do you believe in Santa? Many people ask that! Well, I know one thing, the little mouse which lives in the corner of my desk at Elmwood does. All day long he tells me about Santa. I can recognize him, because he's such a friendly little mouse. He tells me how Santa won't be able to come down his chimney; the reason is that he hasn't one. He and I have figured out a way that Santa could get in, though. I'll leave my ink-well out, so when Santa comes he will just slide in!

Jerry, that's the mouse, has his corner all decorated. With red lead, he made candy canes by painting them with white stripes. He also painted pieces of eraser all different colours. These he put on his paper Christmas tree. He made long winding strings, from my old book covers, by tearing strips off! As a stand for the tree, he used a piece of bubble gum! He said he got it in his corner. I wonder where he really did find it! Couldn't possibly



be in Elmwood! Well, my little friend seems to have just as much as we do for Christmas.

I wonder what I can give him for a Christmas present. Maybe a new desk, with a shiny new corner for him to live in. I said maybe, that is, if we get new desks!

ELEANOR PATRICK, 5C

East and West

The following letter was sent to me a few weeks after I had written an essay, in answer to a request from the Tokyo High School newspaper, telling about my life as a Canadian girl who goes to a private school. I have received three other letters, but I like this one best, because I feel it is a sincere effort to further international relations between Japan and Canada. The letter is reproduced here, and I have not changed anything in it, because I like it too much this way.

VICKY BRAIN, 5A

118 Arakawa Ikakahagi,
Ibaraki, Japan,
April 10, 1955.

Dear Friend in Canada:

It is now the cherry-blossom season in Japan, and everywhere the flowers are in full bloom. I have been told that cherry blossoms also in your country. From my heart, I believe that flowers are always exchanged as a symbol of deep friendship. In the same way,

I also believe that the exchange of letters between students is another symbol of close relations.

Allow me to introduce myself. I am a student in the first year of the Tokyo High School of Tokyo. I am 18 years old, and am an ardent student of English.

As it is my fondest desire to visit your wonderful country some day, I hereby beseech you to accept me as your pen friend in Japan. Do you think you could grant me this great favor? If your answer is yes, then my happiness will know no bounds.

Since you are interested in Japan, I will soon show you pictures of it, and tell you all about it. Then I'll let you explain about Canada and its many customs.

I love writing to you and I will be hoping for another letter soon.

With love from your good friend,

NORIAKI SUGIURA

P.S.—Do you have a picture of your family and yourself that you could send me?



SENIOR ART *by* SUE HISLOP



INTERMEDIATE ART *by* SEDDON RYAN



INTERMEDIATE ART *by Linda Nueman*



JUNIOR ART *by Alex Malamaki*

Junior Literary Section

The Christmas Story

(*Winning Essay in the Christmas Competition*)

It was a warm evening and the stars seemed to be shining their brightest. A little burro and an old cow with her calf sleeping in a small, but clean stable were awakened by a light. They heard some voices and a door shut. Soon a lovely lady on a donkey, led by a man, entered the stable. The man laid his cloak on the fresh hay and helped the lovely lady off the donkey. She straightened her blue shawl and lay down, and once again the stable was restored to sleep.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a cry. The burro awoke and saw a big, bright star shining on a baby's face. The baby stretched out his tiny arms to the burro and smiled a smile that would some day save the world.

JANE MAC TAVISH, 4B

The Sandpipers

Coming down the sand
There's a parade of sandpipers—
Pipe, pipe, pipe, hand in hand
Coming down the sand.

See the head of their band
Leading little sandpipers—
Pipe, pipe, pipe, hand in hand
Coming down the sand.

RITA BROWNING, 4C

The Seashore

Last summer my father and I went down to Prince Edward Island. We had a lovely drive through New Brunswick. We took the ferry over to Prince Edward Island.

When we got there we unpacked. It was lovely to hear the breakers rolling up on the beach. We stayed at Cavendish in the Green Gables Bungalow Court. There wasn't time to go swimming. Then we walked across the field to the restaurant for supper. We had a delicious meal.

When we got back to the cabin, we started playing ball with my beach-ball. A little boy

passed by. Daddy asked him if he wanted to play. He said, "Sure", so the three of us played.

Then a little girl my own age walked down the road. My father asked her her name. It was Elizabeth. The four of us played then. I asked her where her cottage was and she pointed to a little cottage a few yards away from ours.

When it began to get dark, we had to go in. Elizabeth asked me to come over to her cottage the next morning. Daddy and I got our beds ready and were glad to go to bed after a long day.

Next morning we got up at half past seven and started to make breakfast. After breakfast I went over to Elizabeth's cottage. She had finished her breakfast. She asked if we could go over to Green Gables, the house of L. M. Montgomery who wrote the "Anne of Green Gables" story. We went over. In the kitchen was a little restaurant. Then we went upstairs and looked in Anne's bedroom. We walked back to the cottage by Lover's Lane.

When we came back, Daddy asked us if we wanted to go swimming. We both agreed. So Elizabeth went over to her cottage to get changed. Daddy drove down to the beach. A lot of people were there. We went into the lovely breakers. We had a sun bath on the beach. Then we got changed for dinner. We went into the dining room and saw Mr. Allan. We sat beside him.

After dinner we went to the store for some groceries. The owner of the store asked if we would like to go down to the cellar to see something. We said, "All right". You should have seen what we saw—three little striped kittens! Just little balls of gray fluff. The owner asked if we would like to have one after they were old enough to leave their mother. We said, "Oh, that would be wonderful!"

We went back to the cabin to play a game. While Daddy had a rest, Elizabeth and I played together. Afterwards, we went down

to the beach again. At supper that night we told Mr. Allan about the kittens.

The days flew by. At last it was time to get the kitten! We chose one with an M on his forehead for MacOdrum. We showed the kitten to everybody.

We arranged with Mr. Allan to have a picnic the next day. So we got ready for the picnic. We took the kitten along with us! When we got the hot dogs out, the kitten ate two! We had a lovely picnic.

The days flew by in the same way until it was time to say "Good-bye to the seashore"!

We brought the kitten with us!

MORNA MACODRUM. Form 3

Jamie and the Honey

It was a cold night in Cloverville. The teddy bears and dolls were having a wonderful time out in the snow. The smallest bears, Curly, Brownie and Woofie, were rolling down the hill (since they look like little furry balls). The bigger bears were shouting and leaping around a fort they had made for playing wild bears (a favourite game with teddy bears). Some of the dolls were skating on a little pond in the clearing of the woods. Others were sliding down the hill.

Suddenly, there came a whoop of joy from Jamie (a very naughty teddy bear) as he spied some honey in the hole of an old elm tree near the fort. In a few minutes Jamie was well up the tree and was licking some honey off his paws. Just then Rufus caught sight of him and ran toward the tree! Soon he was scrambling up, but as soon as he got near Jamie, a sticky paw came down and pushed him off the tree. That made Rufus angry and he thought of a way of keeping Jamie up the tree. He would wait until Jamie began wondering how he could get down with Rufus at the bottom of the tree and then Jamie would give up.

All at once some snow fell off the branches on Rufus; it did not hit Jamie as it fell because Jamie was higher up than it was. It gave Rufus a great scare and made him run away down the hill. That gave Jamie time to climb down the tree and run home by the

other side of the hill. They both arrived at the bottom of the hill tired but happy at the thought of the tricks they had played on each other.

JUNE FRASER, 4C

The World of Wonderland

One sunny afternoon, Donna walked down to the little pool and lay down on the soft, green grass that surrounded the bank. She bent down till her long golden hair barely touched the water. Then she started to grow drowsy, and very gradually her little blue eyes began to close.

Of course, Donna believed in elves and water sprites, and just as she was about to start dreaming about these cute little creatures, she saw a little ripple in the water. As she looked a little closer, sure enough, up popped a tiny head above the surface of the little blue pool. Then she glanced toward the lily pad and then into the big pink lily that lay beside the lily pad. There she saw two other little faces. Then she very quietly lifted the long grass that drooped down into the pool and found another little face, but it quickly disappeared, for she had made too much noise when she lifted the grass. All these little faces only appear if one believes in them, but once one loses faith, one will never see them again.

Donna lay on the grass very still, waiting for the little creatures to come out from their hiding places. Very slowly but surely, the water sprites emerged toward her. Donna was a bit frightened, but she lay as quiet as ever. Soon the water sprites had made a circle around her and were dancing up and down. But all of a sudden they stopped, and the very smallest sprite stepped out. He took his little green pointed cap off and bowed in front of Donna, and then asked her if she would like to see the Queen. Donna just stood there with her eyes in a daze and her mouth hanging open.

This was the chance she had been waiting for. With a happy face and a big, wide smile, she said, "Yes". Then all of a sudden, the biggest water sprite took out and opened a little brown pouch and sprinkled some gold

star dust all over Donna. Then a very funny thing happened. She began to shrink. Smaller and smaller she got, until she was nearly as small as the smallest sized sprite.

In a couple of minutes, Donna and all the little water sprites were on their way to see the Queen of all the sprites. They went by the big stone beside the pool, under the branch that lay across the path, and down a little hole hidden in the long grass. It was very scarey to Donna, as they moved along the dark tunnel. Then everything changed as they entered a big marble room. In the middle of the room was a big, satin throne, and sitting on it was the beautiful Queen.

Her silk cloak was spun by spiders. Her shiny black hair was down to her waist and her skin was as smooth as glass. She had lovely red cheeks and her little shoes were made of dried grass. Donna loved the little Queen and she wanted to take her home for a doll. But just as she was about to reach for the Queen, Donna heard a voice. She yawned and rubbed her eyes. It was her mother's voice, and the lovely adventure was all a dream. But dream or not, Donna had seen the Queen of all water sprites.

DONALEE FORBES, 4A

The Maid in the Kitchen

(With apologies to Mother Goose)

The maid was in the kitchen

Making cake for tea

When suddenly she jumped a foot

To escape a little flea.

SHEILA MAC TAVISH, 4C

An Animal Hero

Teddy was a middle-sized horse who lived on a farm situated overlooking a beautiful cliff in the Rocky Mountains.

One sunny day Teddy was eating his grass when he heard a strange whining noise. As he moved closer to the fence bordering the cliff, the noise suddenly stopped. It was as if someone were in pain. Teddy perked up his ears as the noise was again heard. Then as mysteriously as it had come, the noise stopped and

was not heard for the rest of the day. All day Teddy stood by the fence, waiting and listening, but only to be disappointed. Even in the evening he did not want to go to his barn.

As soon as he was out the next day, Teddy raced for the fence but only to be disappointed until noon. Suddenly he heard something. It was very faint but it definitely was an animal or a human. That afternoon when Mr. Raycroft, the owner, got on him for a jumping lesson, Teddy bucked his master off and cantered to the fence again. Mr. Raycroft was taken very much by surprise and could do nothing with the "wild horse", as he called Teddy. After coaxing him for nearly an hour Mr. Raycroft finally gave up.

For three days all Teddy would do was to stand beside the fence. He would not even go into the barn for the night. On the third day about ten-thirty in the morning he suddenly heard a loud yelp. He started to go wild again, so Mr. Raycroft decided to go to town and get a vet who knew more about horses.

On his way out the gate Mr. Raycroft's car was stopped by a large truck. The men were looking for a little Cocker Spaniel named "Bunty" which belonged to a lady staying in the nearby hotel. The dog had run away three days before and had not been seen since. The men from the hotel had been told to find the dog or they would be fined! Mr. Raycroft offered right away to help them look down the cliff. As the men drew nearer to the cliff Teddy started to act up again! He had heard the noise! All of a sudden Mr. Raycroft realized why Teddy had been acting up. He must have heard a noise down the cliff and was excited. Quickly the men and Mr. Raycroft climbed over the fence and were busy tying ropes around their waists in readiness to climb down the cliff.

Before long the men were down the cliff and were picking up the dog. It was Bunty all right and with her was a litter of six puppies! There were three males and three females. The men were so dumbfounded that they did not know what to say. As quickly as possible the men climbed up the cliff with the

weak dogs and put them in a warm basket with some food.

Teddy was rewarded with a pat and presented with a cup by the dog's owner.

MARGO HAY, 4A

The Little Pussy Willow

Once upon a time there was a little girl walking through the woods. It was spring time and she was feeling happy and gay. The trees were just budding. All of a sudden she stopped and saw a pussy willow tree. Of course, the pussy willow tree was just budding like any other tree would. But there was one pussy willow on the tree that was in full bloom. She picked it and took it home to show her mother.

When she was going to bed she said, "Mother, I wish it was a real pussy cat". Her mother answered, "You know, dear, if you wish very hard it may come true. So sweet dreams and remember wish very hard."

The next morning the little girl bounced out of bed and down the stairs. She went to see if her wish had come true. Her mother was right, if she wished very hard her wish might come true, for right by the fireplace she saw the sweetest little kitten she ever saw. It was a fluffy gray colour and had a bright red ribbon around its neck. That was the happiest moment of the little girl's life.

MARJORIE FELLER, 4C

Rusty Red

Curled up and cozy in his bed,
Beneath the stove so warm,
Sleeps a little dog named "Rusty Red"
Far away from harm.

He dreams of hunts, and birds, and bears
And tracking meets galore,
And chasing skunks and chasing hares
And romping on the shore.

But when he wakes and sees the sun
Shining all around,
He's glad he's just a little dog
Whose home is safe and sound.

JANE MAC TAVISH, 4B

Peter's Wish

Peter hobbled up to his room as fast as he could and threw himself on his small bed, crying. Why couldn't he go home for Christmas? Why? Why? That was the only thing that came to his mind.

The masters tried to explain that Peter was in an orphanage, not a school. Yes, Peter was an orphan. He had been crippled in the left leg since he was born. His mother had died at his birth and his father was a drunkard, so the Orphanage had taken the child and looked after him all this time.

Peter was ten now and had just begun to realize that he, along with many others, had no home, no family, no mother to love him, but he knew he had a father.

The story happened in this way:

Peter was passing the principal's door. The window in the principal's office was open and a wintry wind blew its coldness through the room. This wind lifted a letter from the principal's desk and blew it through the open door. Peter picked it up and curiously read it. It was from Peter's father, who must have been drunk when he wrote it because it said, "If you don't send my Peter home, I'll kill you!" It was signed "John Strong".

Before Peter was noticed, he quickly placed the letter back on the desk. Then the principal came along. Peter told him that he had found the letter in the hall and was just returning it to the desk. He then burst into tears and yelled, "Why can't I go home when my father wants me!" and at that he rushed away.

The principal was soon in Peter's room trying to console him by saying he would not want to go home, but Peter couldn't understand why.

After all the children had gone to their lonely part of the orphanage to spend another night in the darkness without their mothers' tender kisses, Peter began to cry. A master on duty took him to the Principal's office where he was told what a drunkard was and how bad it was to be that way. He was told about

things of which he had never heard. Poor Peter. He was the only boy who had a father and a home but had to stay in an orphanage. He felt like dying now that he knew what his father was like.

Peter went back to his room and now all he wanted was to go somewhere for Christmas. Soon Peter was asleep but all of a sudden a bell rang. The school was on fire! In the paper next day were the headlines: "Orphans' Home Burned Down—Adopt a Child Today". Soon Peter was the only child not adopted. He wrote a letter to Santa asking for a father and mother for Christmas. Before long he was taken to a big white house where there was a large Christmas tree. But best of all, a Father and Mother were waiting there with open arms.

SEDDON RYAN, 4A

My First Dance

I am going to tell you what happened at my first dance.

It all started when I was asked to go to a barn dance with someone I had never met. At first I did not want to go, but in the end I decided to, because over the telephone he sounded very nice.

Finally the long awaited day came. I did not know what to wear. So, I decided to look in a magazine that I had seen where there was a picture of a barn dance. As far as I could see they all had on jeans. So I decided to put on jeans and a sports shirt. Finally, I was ready. Just then the bell rang and I ran down to see who it was. When I got there, I found it was my blind date; he was not what I expected but he was very nice.

When we arrived at the dance, I was quite surprised and embarrassed to find that all the girls had on skirts and blouses. But all in all, it was quite a nice party and I had a lot of fun.

LOUISE HAYLEY, 4A

Holes Grow

The sheet is ripped,
I did it with my toe.
But how was I to know,
A hole, a very little hole,
Would grow,
And grow,
And grow.

DARRAGH RICHARDSON, 4B

The Village Shop

'Twas a neat little shop in the village,
With vines oh so green and bright;
The windows were filled with goodies
So fresh, so lovely, and light.

There were jars of peppermint patties
And fresh fruits, juicy and ripe;
From the wall hung banana bunches
And knick-knacks of every type.

The owners were neat as a button,
Were dressed the best in the town;
Their prices were reasonable always
And no one ever did frown.

The townsmen would visit quite often
To buy their supplies for the week;
After paying their bill to the salesman,
They would leave, a smile on their cheek.

The children would come in for candy
And hand over their nickles and dimes;
Then they would point to a showcase,
Which was filled with caramels and limes.

When school began in September,
The children their supplies would buy—
Rulers and pens and pencils
And all else that would catch their eye.

The neat little shop in the village
Is livelier, bigger, and better;
It's still as tidy, neat and clean
And stands as strong as ever.

BARBARA MOLOT, 4A

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School Directory

AHEARN, Lilius; 284 Rideau Terrace, Ottawa, Ont.

ASHBOURNE, Audrey; 225 MacLaren St., Apt. 37, Ottawa, Ont.

ASHBOURNE, Christine; 225 MacLaren St., Apt. 37, Ottawa, Ont.

BEAUDRY, Camille; 7 Oak St., Kenogami, P.Q.

BEAUDRY, Nicole; 7 Oak St., Kenogami, P.Q.

BELCOURT, Susan; 125 Willingdon Rd., Rockcliffe Park, Ont.

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CAMPBELL, Susan; 50 Willingdon Rd., Rockcliffe Park, Ont.

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CASTONGUAY, Gillien; 311 Manor Rd., Rockcliffe Park, Ont.

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MANION, Margaret; 541 Manor Rd., Rockcliffe Park, Ont.

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 WRIGHT, Sarah; 161 Maple Lane, Rockcliffe Park, Ont.
 YATES, Jane; 5 Yates Ave., Cornwall, Ont.
 YATES, Joan; 5 Yates Ave., Cornwall, Ont.

School Calendar

September 15—School opened
 October 11—Thanksgiving holiday
 October 15—House dance
 October 29—Hallowe'en party
 November 5—Parents' reception and tea
 November 11—Remembrance Day Service
 November 12—Long week-end
 November 19—House plays
 December 1—Examinations began
 December 16—House Collections
 December 16—Christmas plays and choir presentation
 December 17—Carol service, Christmas vacation began
 January 6—School re-opened
 January 14—Junior skating party
 January 21—Mont Tremblant ski week-end
 January 28—Free day

February 11—Long week-end
 February 18—Elmwood Formal
 February 25—House plays
 March 4—Ashbury-Elmwood play
 March 11—Square dance
 March 14—Golden Rule Club play
 March 21—Senior Matric. Easter Examinations began
 April 1—Easter vacation began
 April 18—School re-opened
 April 28—Opera and one-act play
 April 29—House dance
 May 17, 19, 24, 26, 31 and June 1—Final examinations
 May 20—Long week-end
 June 3—Sports day
 June 6 and 7—School closing exercises
 June 10—Departmental examinations began



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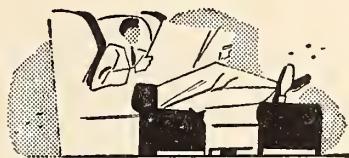
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